

Commenced this week! Maj. Max Martine's Life and Personal Adventures as Captive and Indian Chief, Hudson Bay Trapper and Prairie Guide!

NEW YORK Saturday Star Journal

A POPULAR PAPER FOR PLEASURE & PROFIT

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by BRADLEY AND ADAMS, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Vol. III.

E. F. Beadle,
William Adams,
David Adams,
PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 31, 1872.

TERMS IN ADVANCE
One copy, four months, \$1.00.
One copy, one year, \$2.00.
Two copies, one year, \$3.00.

No. 129.

MAJOR MAX MARTINE, HUNTER, GUIDE, AND EX-SIOUX CHIEF,

From a Photograph taken, en costume, at Fort Benton, Montana Territory, A.D. 1867. See Fourth Page for Biographical Sketch.



We Three.

Trap, Trigger and Tomahawk;

OR

THE CAMP-FIRES, WIGWAMS AND HUNTING-GROUNDS OF THE GREAT NORTH-WEST.

BY HENRY M. AVERY,
(MAJOR MAX MARTINE.)

CHAPTER I.

AFTER leaving the service of the Hudson Bay Company, I entered upon the life of a free trapper. I took my departure from Fort Ray, at the confluence of Yellow Knife river with Great Slave Lake, intending to strike Milk river near the boundary line of the Dominion. It was the beginning of winter, and very cold weather, even for that latitude, and I was getting in something of a hurry to reach the trapping grounds, though not without many misgivings as to the result of the adventure; for I had not that experience in woodcraft, or that knowledge of Indian character, that came to me in after years.

Late one afternoon, as I was looking about for a good spot in which to build my camp-fire, I came across an Indian sitting bolt upright against a tree, and nearly frozen to death. I found a secluded place at the side of a large bowlder, and gathering some birch bark and dry wood, I soon had a rousing fire. Returning, I took the Indian on my shoulder, and carrying him to the fire, I laid him upon my own blanket, and commenced the task of rubbing him back to life. As soon as the blood began to circulate, the pain commenced, and the Indian, though half-stupefied, began to get angry

at me, imagining me to be the cause of his present suffering. He drew his hunting-knife and commenced stabbing at me, until, finally, I began to get a little vexed myself. I cut a good birch sprout, and toughening it in the fire, I took Mr. Indian by the hair and raised him to his feet, and commenced one of the liveliest whippings he ever had. At first he danced in wonder and amazement, then got mad, until I began to tire of the sport; the Indian began to sweat and cry, "Counin! counin!" (Enough! enough!) But, I did not stop until satisfied that the frost was all out of him, when I made him wrap himself in my blanket and sit by the fire.

All this time he had not spoken a word, but I did not care for that, and leaving a good fire, I took my gun and went to look for my supper. I had not long to hunt, for in half an hour I was back with a fine saddle of venison. Cutting a half-dozen slices from the ham, I threw them on the coals, and when they were warmed through I tossed him a slice, which he devoured as ravenously as a starved wolf would have done, and looked wistfully for more. Not wishing to kill him by a surfeit of food, especially as I had so much trouble in bringing him to life, I gave him what I thought a man in his situation could stand.

I filled my pipe, and, after smoking awhile, passed it to him, and as long as the tobacco lasted he continued smoking. During this time he had not spoken a word, but at once the flood-gates were opened, and he found his tongue. He told me that he was an Assiniboiné; that he had been on a long hunt and that in an encounter with a party of Blackfeet he had been overpowered and robbed of everything he possessed. His story was a little inconsistent, from the fact of his being alive to tell it; however, he had lost all means of making a fire, or of procuring anything to eat, and at the time I found him he was nearly dead from starvation and cold. He succeeded in getting it through his thick skull that I had, somehow or other, saved his life, and he begged to be permitted to accompany me.

I had not much confidence in the ability of an Indian who could not take care of himself, and did not consider him a very valuable acquisition; but I was agreeably disappointed. That Indian was my constant companion for fifteen months, and to him am I indebted for very much of my success as a scout and trapper.

We became warmly attached to each other, and I believe that either would have

given his life to have saved that of the other. His name was Little Beaver, and for years the only name I heard applied to myself was Mo-he-ne-to. This name was given to me by the Perine Indians, and signifies, in their language, "quick eye."

Little Beaver and myself trapped together the remainder of that season, and in the spring visited a trading-post on the Missouri river, a few miles above what is now Fort Buford, where we disposed of our furs. I bought him a good gun, ammunition and blankets, and, after procuring my own outfit, we started on a regular tour of observation and search after adventure.

My own life had been so saddened that I no longer cared to return to the States, and at this time my only object in life was to get away from myself. So I became the roving, restless hunter I was, without one single ambition in life. My thoughts would often wander away to the dear old mountains of Maine; to the friends I had once known, and to the happy days of my youth; days that I knew were gone forever.

We had made our hunting-camp on the Po-po-on-che (Long Grass) creek, between the Wind River Mountains and Yellowstone river. It was one of the best places for trapping I had ever found, in fact, a perfect

paradise to the hunter. Hot springs abound in this region, and many Indian tribes come here for the purpose of making their bows. These are made of buffalo and elk horns, which are thrown into the hot springs until they are perfectly malleable; they are then taken out and straightened, then cut into strips of a suitable width. It takes two buffalo-horns to make a bow of sufficient length. They are pierced in the center, and riveted; then they are strongly bound at the splice with sinews. Bows made of buffalo and elk horn are equaled by no others except, perhaps, those made from the horn of the mountain sheep, which are found in abundance.

While encamped here, a band of Crow Indians passed through the country, but did not molest us or disturb our traps. The leader of this band was Black Panther, the son of a half-breed, named Beckwourth, who was at one time the head chief of the Crow nation.

The Crows are a fine tribe, and are the friends of the whites. In point of bravery they greatly resemble the Blackfeet; in fact, they are distant relations, both being off-shoots of the Grovans, of whom there are two tribes: the Grovans of the Missouri, which the Crows sprung from, and whose language they speak, and the Grovans of the prairie, who form a band of the Blackfeet. The Grovans of the Missouri are a very weak tribe, having, by their incessant wars with the surrounding tribes, been reduced to a mere handful of warriors, no longer deserving the name of a tribe. When the Crows separated from them, which, according to their reckoning, was over a hundred years ago, the Grovan nation was deemed too numerous for easy government. The Grovans and the Crows have always been on visiting terms, and at this distant day they consider themselves descendants of the same family. The Grovans are a stationary tribe and are chiefly engaged in agriculture. Their lodges are built of poles, thickly set, filled in and covered with earth, and, for Indians, are kept comparatively clean and neat. The Crows, however, are the implacable enemies of the Blackfeet, and do not neglect any opportunity to raise each other's scalps.

On one occasion I had wandered a long distance from our camp in an exciting chase after elk, and at dark found myself at least ten miles away, while the prospect for a storm was very good indeed. As I did not have my blankets along, and fuel was not to be had on the snow-covered plain, I resolved to return to my camp that night. Taking a bee-line, I started at my best gait, expecting to make the distance in a couple of hours at least; but in this I was doomed to disappointment, and to a knowledge of the truth contained in the old adage that "man proposes, but God disposes." I had traveled about half the distance, when I was overtaken by one of those storms known to mountaineers as a Poo-der-ee. These storms have proved fatal to a great number of Indians and trappers in and about the Rocky Mountains. They are composed of a violent descent of snow, hail and rain, accompanied by high and piercing winds, and they frequently last three or four days.

It became very dark and I had no longer the stars to guide me, nor could I see a single landmark to indicate the direction of my camp. I was completely wet with the driving rain and hail, and my clothing was frozen stiff. Still I kept on walking, knowing that if I stopped it would be certain death, and hoping to run across some shelter where I could remain until the storm had passed. Thus I wandered about for hours, until at last the fact was forced upon my mind that I was lost.

You, who sit by your cozy fires and read of this, can little imagine what my feelings were. To stop was death by freezing; to keep going was about the same thing; for there was a probability of my tiring out, in which case I was a "goner."

So I kept going, comparing my situation with the warm camp-fire I knew was waiting for me; thinking of the happy home I once had, so far away, when suddenly I felt myself falling. I must have lain senseless a long time, for when I awoke the storm had ceased and the sun was shining brightly overhead. Upon examination I found I had fallen into a bear-trap, which some luckless wight had dug, perhaps years before, but which some lucky bear had never fallen into.

These bear-traps are made by digging a hole in the ground, about eight feet deep, and ten or twelve feet in diameter, then covering the top with small sticks and brush. The bait is then hung over this frail bridge, and when Bruin goes to reach the tempting morsel, he finds himself a prisoner under ground, where the hunter kills him at his leisure. By pulling down the sticks and frozen dirt to stand on, I had no difficulty in getting out of the hole, and after a weary tramp I reached my camp, very much the worse for wear.

Fifteen months had passed away since I first made the acquaintance of Little Beaver in the forests of British America, when there occurred that incident which deprived me of my Indian friend.

We had seen no "sign" of hostile Indians, and were losing our usual caution, in our fancied security. One night we sat by the fire until an unusually late hour, making plans for the future, and both were so tired and sleepy that it was not long before we had rolled ourselves in our blankets before we were sound asleep.

We were both awakened at the same moment to find ourselves prisoners to a party

of Indians belonging to the Teton Sioux. After binding us they built a rousing fire and sat down to enjoy themselves until morning, eating our provisions with as much gusto as if they had been invited guests. With the morning came preparations for a march to the village of their chief, Setting Bull, where we arrived in two or three days, and were confined in separate *tapes*.

The next day the council-fire was lit and we were taken, bound, before the old judges who were to decide upon our fate. The old chief addressed a few words to me in the Indian language, but a disposition to be contrary had taken possession of me, and I made him believe I could not understand him. He asked me who I was, where I came from, and where I was going, but I only shook my head, and they commenced the face of an Indian trial.

They first decided the fate of Little Beaver. He had been their mortal enemy for years, and had killed many of their tribe; so it was decreed that the Beaver should die at the stake. My turn came next, and I listened to their talk with as much indifference as though I had not understood every word they were saying. Some of them were anxious to give me the same fate as Little Beaver, while others wanted to see me run the gauntlet. At last the old chief arose, and said that he had lost a son, and wanted me to fill the place of the defunct. He explained to his tribe the advantages of having a young white brave among them, and finally ended by cutting the thongs which bound my feet, and leading me into the circle.

I was young, tall, straight and tough; a good specimen of a Maine Yankee, and able to "get away" with most any of them in a fair fight. So they decided that my friend, Little Beaver, should die by fire, and that I should become an Indian.

The ridiculousness of the idea struck me immediately, and when I thought what my college chums would say if they could only see me now, I could not help laughing outright.

The old chief showed his surprise at this, and still more when I addressed him in his own language, asking permission to speak before the council. This was granted, and I gave them some pretty plain talk. I told them that Little Beaver was my brother; that he had not harmed them; and that if they tortured him they would kill me also. I knew I was wasting breath in pleading for my friend, so I told them I would never join their tribe; and that if they did not kill me I would run away the first opportunity.

They listened without interruption, until I had concluded, when the old chief said that the decision had been made and could not be changed. Beaver was conducted to the guard-room, and the old chief led me to a *tape* adjoining his own. He told me I was free to go where I pleased in the village, but would not be allowed to leave it.

I had no opportunity of speaking to my friend that day, nor until the day following, when he was led out to torture. He hid me good-by, asked me to go to his tribe and say that he died like a brave, and asked me to shoot him before they commenced their torture. This was spoken in English, but some of them understood him, and my hands were again bound. Could I have had my rifle for a single moment, I would have saved my friend from torture by shooting him myself. But I was powerless to help him, and bidding him good-by again, I walked away to be out of sight of their cruelty.

This tribe of Indians are one of the exceptions who have not the ceremonies known as Indian Freemasonry, to which reference will be hereafter made.

After my companion was thus brutally burned to death, the old chief came to me, and tried to induce me, by all the arguments in his power, to join his tribe. He offered me his daughter in marriage; said that he would make me a wealthy man, and that, in the course of time, I should take his place as head chief of the tribe. Not all the charms of his daughter, who was one of the prettiest of Indian maidens, nor the temptations of wealth and power, could induce me to say I would become an Indian.

Here was presented to me a life of independence and ease, if not luxury, and many a white man, even in the Eastern States, would consider himself very fortunate in receiving such an offer. Even now, I often look back upon this occasion, as one of the many opportunities I have thrown away; when wealth was laid aside for freedom.

Thus for nearly six months I remained with the tribe, free yet a captive. I was allowed to go out and hunt by myself, but whenever I looked about for a chance to escape, I was always met by half a dozen of the tribe, who unexpectedly turned up on every occasion, so that I knew I was constantly watched.

Both the chief and his daughter continued to offer every inducement to join the tribe. I found that escape was impossible as long as I persisted in my efforts to do so, and after considering the matter I went to the old chief, and told him I had concluded to join his tribe, on condition that I should not be required to have my beard pulled out, and that I would not assist them in their warfare against the whites. He was highly pleased at this turn in affairs, and showed his gratification by getting up a feast, during which were performed the ceremonies that made me an Indian.

Any person who has never beheld a real, downright rejoicing among the Indians can form but a faint idea of their unrestrained manifestations; mere words are inadequate to convey the conception. Being untutored and natural, and not restricted by any considerations of grace or propriety, they abandon themselves to their emotions, and no gesture is too exaggerated, no demonstration too violent for them to resort to.

Upon returning from the feast, I was somewhat surprised to find my lodge occupied by the chief's daughter, the fair Wabun-essie. However, I accepted the situation with all possible grace, and entered into the enjoyment of my Indian life—a married Indian at that!

The acceptance of a wife completed the ceremony, and I was a married man, as sacredly in their eyes, as if some bishop of the Christian church had tied the irrevocable knot.

Among the Indians the daughter usually receives no patrimony on her wedding-day, and her parents never pass a word with the son-in-law after—a custom religiously observed among them, though for what reason I never learned. The other relatives are under no such restraint. I often thought how some of my married friends in New England would envy me in this respect, and I mistrust that many an unfortunate Home-dict who reads this, will wish in his heart

that his mother-in-law was a Sioux instead of a Saxon.

My Indian wife was affectionate, obedient, gentle and cheerful, and seemed to be perfectly contented and happy, and would have reflected honor upon many a civilized household. No domestic quarrels; no long lectures behind the curtain; no thunderstorms of any kind ever disturbed the serenity of our lodge.

After my Indian marriage, my venerable father-in-law presented me with twenty horses, and beaver-skins enough to furnish a much larger lodge than mine—a special honor, if would seem, since, as above stated, no patrimony was usual with this tribe. Thus nearly a year passed away, during which time I had made myself complete master of their language, and had often accompanied their war-parties into the Blackfoot country.

On one of these occasions I was fortunate enough, by my recklessness, to draw the first blood, and to kill the first Indian; by which I rose very rapidly in their estimation. Little did they think that what they imagined to be bravery, was nothing but foolhardiness and an utter contempt for the consequences.

Their confidence in my intentions was perfect, and I was allowed to go and come when I pleased.

I had grown used to the Indian mode of fighting, and after half a dozen raids into the enemy's country, in which I earned my right to the title of "brave," I was made the third chief in the nation, and as such was obeyed by all below me. Many opportunities were offered to prove my fidelity to the tribe, and also to test my courage. A war-party was formed to make an attack on a party of Crow Indians, of whose approach we were informed by our scouts, and to me was intrusted the leadership of the party.

I dressed myself in the suit of a war chief, painted my face after the most approved fashion; armed myself with rifle, revolver, knife and *parfleche* shield, all of which had done me good service before; and choosing the best horses in the tribe, I made my *debüt* as a leader on the war-path. I had heard very much about the war-path secret, and often wondered why it had not been communicated to me, but I did not betray my anxiety by asking questions, choosing rather to bide my time.

Upon this occasion we had ridden until nearly noon, when we killed a fat buffalo, and stopped for dinner. The intestines were taken out, and one of the longest was cleaned and roasted. Then nine of the best warriors and myself formed in a circle, each one taking hold of the roasted intestine with his thumb and fore-finger. In this position, which was regarded by all of them as something very solemn, questions were asked by each one in regard to certain conduct in the village, but which is of a nature unfit to be entered into here. Every warrior considers himself under oath, and must give a full and complete answer to each question, no matter who the questioner may implicate.

Every questionable act they have committed since they last went on the war-path is here exposed, together with the name of the faithless accomplice, and every thing told, even to the date of the occurrence. All this is divulged to the *medicine-men* on the return of the party, and it is by them noted down in a manner that is never forgotten while the warrior who made the confession lives. Every warrior at his initiation is enjoined by the most sacred oaths never to divulge the war-path secret to any woman, and the penalty for violating his obligation is instant death. An Indian swears by his pipe, his gun and knife, the earth and sun. These are the most sacred oaths an Indian can take, and they are forever strictly observed.

The shield which was a part of my armament, was the handiwork of my father-in-law, the old chief, and having been through the hands of the *medicine-men*, it was supposed to possess the remarkable quality of saving the life of whoever wore it. It was made of *parfleche*, which is the name given to "raw" buffalo-hide. The Indian women prepare it by scraping and drying. It is very tough and hard, and receives its name from the circumstance that it can not be pierced by arrows or spears. It is used principally in making soles for moccasins.

When near the place where we expected to meet the Crows, I ordered a halt, and taking two warriors I went ahead on a scout. We found them encamped in a small valley, on one side of which was a heavy growth of timber, and on the other a long level of prairie. My plans were immediately made, by which I hoped to "scoop up" the whole party. I sent one of the warriors back to conduct the war-party to where I then lay concealed. I kept my party in ambush until long after midnight, when we prepared to try the success of my strategy. Silently as possible we rode to the edge of the timber, and forming my warriors in a crescent-shaped line, I gave the war-cry of the Sioux, which was repeated by every warrior.

The charge was made, and the enemy, completely surprised, were all killed or taken prisoners. Our loss in this fight was one man slightly wounded, while that of the enemy was thirty-seven killed, fifteen prisoners, and one hundred and sixty horses. Of the prisoners taken, all but three joined the tribe, and afterward ran away, but the three who refused were doomed to the stake. Immediately after the battle I dispatched runners to our village with the intelligence of my success, and was not surprised when upon reaching the village we were met by the whole band—men, women and children—all joyful at our great success. Wabun-essie, my little wife, was delighted at the brilliant success of my first war-party, and to me was awarded a lion's share of the plunder.

After the usual feasting and dancing which follows such a successful fight as this, the prisoners were brought out for torture. The old chief had full control of this Indian court-martial. Though repeatedly urged, I refused to sit in the council, and resolved to take no part in the torture, but when the three Indians were bound to the stakes, and the young braves had tested their skill in throwing tomahawks, and shooting arrows to see how near they could strike and not hit, I went out to see how the Crow braves would stand the torture. Though opposed to torture, I could not but admire their bravery. Imagine my surprise to see upon the left breast of one of them the "mark" of a *Manitoulia Nitela*.

Without a moment's reflection I hastened to him, and cut the thongs which bound him to the stake; and, taking my place at his side, I awaited the issue of this rash proceeding. Nothing but a sea of black, scowling faces, and eyes burning with hate and

rage, met my gaze on every side. Even the old chief could not preserve his dignity, but stalking to my side, he laid his hand upon my arm with a grip that nearly cost him his life, and demanded the cause of my actions. I knew I could not explain my motives, so that he could understand the feelings which prompted me, and I stood upon my "dignity," and asked him if I was not entitled to one prisoner. I did not try to reason with him, but told him fairly and squarely, that the warrior should not die unless I was killed first. I did not beg for my rights, but as a chief of the tribe I demanded them. The old chief must have been trifled with, and after a hurried consultation, my request was granted, and the prisoner was given to me.

I took him to my tent, furnished him with new moccasins and leggings, returned him his gun and knife, and telling him to follow me, I led him to a hill about half a mile from the village. Turning, we beheld the clouds of smoke rising from the torture-fires, and which were bearing heavenward the spirits of two brave Crows. Yes, brave and true, although red skins covered their true hearts! They preferred death rather than be traitors to their tribe.

It is an appalling sight to see a human being, or even an animal of any kind, perish by fire; and I earnestly pray that I may never witness another such a scene. To see the mortal agony of the poor, writhing victim, and hear his heart-rending shrieks as the great red tongues of flame leap up and encircle his whole body; and then when the immortal spirit has been sent to the presence of its Maker, and the victim falls among the blazing logs a mass of charred fingers, hardly to be distinguished from the fire that destroyed him—it is a sight only fit for a savage race to witness.

We stood and watched them until the fiendish Indians had ceased to yell, and yet no word had been spoken by my companion or myself through which he could know the reason of my strange conduct, and his strange deliverance. I opened my hunting-shirt and showed him the figure of the Tan Cross upon my breast, the counterpart of which upon his own, had been the means of saving his life. Immediately the truth flashed upon him. The stoical Indian was transformed into the warm-hearted brother, and leaning his head upon my shoulder, the strong man wept. After talking together for an hour, and exchanging fraternal greetings, I bid him good-by and God speed, and returned to the village.

I had expected a *fiat* in the "family" when I should return, but in this I was disappointed. Not a word was ever said to me by any one, in regard to my assumption of authority, and every thing passed along pleasantly. It is a subject of much gratification to me, to know that, during my residence with the Sioux, no white prisoner was ever tortured; and with the exception of one man, who died from the effect of wounds, I procured the release of every white prisoner who fell into their hands.

In taking prisoners from an enemy, they gain considerable useful information, as there are always more or less of other tribes domesticated with them, to whom the captives impart confidence; these relate all that they hear to the chiefs, and so a great deal of value is obtained that could not otherwise be had. The Blackfoot women, taken by the Sioux, seemed to care very little for their captivity, especially the young women who had neither husbands nor children to care for, or bind them to their own tribe. They like Sioux husbands because they are better-looking (and pride is as strong in an Indian maiden as in any other), and because the Sioux do not whip their wives as much as other tribes do. I never saw a squaw taken by the Sioux, who showed any desire to return to her own nation; and so also with the boys. Some of the best warriors in the Sioux nation once were boys taken from other tribes.

The Sioux can raise an army of twenty thousand warriors, and although there may be tribes who can raise a larger number, there are none who can match them in an open fight. During my residence with the Sioux, they often lifted dances with the Blackfeet, Snakes and Crows, almost invariably to their discomfort. I believe that if the Sioux were ever defeated, it was when surprised and overwhelmed by superior numbers. One principal reason for their superior abilities is the fact that they are well supplied with guns and ammunition; and often when other tribes were obliged to leave their guns in their lodges for want of ammunition, the Teton Sioux had plenty of it, and could worst any tribe who had only bows and arrows to fight with.

When a Sioux warrior takes a woman prisoner, she is considered his sister, and he can not marry her; if she marries, her husband is brother-in-law to her captor.

In the character of the Teton Sioux, there is one trait which civilized society would do well to imitate. Envy is unknown to them; so when a warrior has performed any deed of daring, his associates accord him every merit; his brave deeds are eulogized in every reunion, both public and private, and his name is held up before the admiring eyes of other braves as something worthy of emulation. I never saw any attempt to derogate from the merit of a brave's achievement; no damping with faint praise; no flattering insinuations that the man did not do so much, after all. The same feeling prevails among the women. When a woman's husband has distinguished himself, the neighboring women take a pride in rejoicing over her happiness.

If a woman displays more than ordinary ingenuity in making or ornamenting the dress of her husband, or her own dress, she at once becomes the pattern of the neighborhood. There are no flaws picked in her character because of her rising to notability, nor are there any aspersions cast upon her birth, however lowly it might have been. Thus I quite naturally came to the conclusion that civilization in introducing the ostentation of display which is too often affected, warps the mind from the charity that is natural to it, and leads to all the petty strifes, and scandalous tales and wranglings that embitter the lives of so many in civilized life.

Indian life, on compulsion, did not suit my ideas of living, and I was always thinking of some means of escape. My Indian wife was very affectionate, and I was often tempted to take her into my confidence and ask her to go with me, but I knew that a squaw would not be of much assistance in the long tramp which I proposed taking, if I should be so fortunate as to get away from them. If any of my readers are tempted to blame me, let them put themselves in my place. Often the old song of *Home, Sweet Home* would come upon my memory, and I

could not help thinking, that, truly "the world has a million roosts for a man, but only one nest."

I had been with the Teton Sioux nearly two years, when the band went out for their annual buffalo-hunt, and as I had never witnessed their mode of making a "surround," I concluded to accompany them. When we reached the buffalo country, a hundred and fifty miles to the southward of the Teton village, both hunters and horses were in fine condition for business. In half an hour after we came to a halt, the village was as settled as if it had existed in that place for years, for these Nomads of the West are ready to move at a moment's warning, and can settle down as suddenly as they can pull up. The morning after our arrival a large herd of buffalo was discovered feeding on the plain, and we immediately made ready for the surround. It may seem rather *fishy*, but I actually counted thirteen hundred and seventy tongues as the result of that forenoon's hunt!

On this occasion I was, luckily, the hero. My gun was one of the old Woodworth repeaters, and I could fire sixteen times without reloading. Of the first sixteen shots made I did not miss but one, and after I had emptied the chamber I withdrew, and filled it again from my pockets; returning to the scene of action in less time than I can write it.

Out of curiosity, I had the women count the buffalo killed by my balls, and they reported twenty-seven, which being three more than any other hunter could claim, I was pronounced the best hunter in the band. My success was due partly to my superior gun and skill, but still more to my horse, who was a fast runner and understood his business. Skinning, dressing and drying the meat afforded employment for the women for the next three weeks, when we returned to the village, where a great feast was prepared in honor of our success, and a dance, lasting two days, "filled the bill."

Three years of captivity, of Indian life among the Sioux, had passed away like the "oblivious ocean of the past," and I was becoming heartily tired of it. In the autumn of the third year, when the hunters of the tribe started for their hunting-grounds to the north of the Missouri river, I resolved to accompany them, and circumstances favored my plans. Equipped in a new suit throughout, the handiwork of my little squaw, I bid her good-by, and left with the hunters. Never shall I forget the look of entreaty, amounting almost to despair, which filled her eyes when I stooped for a farewell kiss. She seemed to have a presentiment of the future; and the old chief also seemed to think that they were about to lose me. But nothing was said about my escaping from them, though I thought the old chief had half a mind to refuse his permission to join the hunt. I knew that I should be watched, and well watched, so I did all I could to relieve them of their suspicions. In due season we reached the hunting-grounds and commenced our work. None of the party were more successful, or seemingly more contented and happy than I; but every day I would wander further away than the rest, and always managed to be the last one to return to camp.

We hunted nearly six weeks, and having been very successful, were nearly ready to return to the village, and I resolved to make my escape then, or at least make the attempt. Accordingly, accompanied by an Indian, I started out one morning for an all-day hunt. We hunted until about the middle of the afternoon, killing several deer, which we hung up out of reach of the wolves; and my companion had several times expressed a desire to return to the camp, when an enormous bear came tearing out of the brush near by. When he saw us he seemed as much surprised as we were, and started off on a trot. My companion raised his gun to shoot the bear, but as luck would have it, the gun would not go off. It was one of the old-style flint-lock muskets, and from some cause or other the pan flew off, and the hammer striking in the powder, threw it back into his eyes, for a moment blinding him completely. I heard him calling me, but just then I had business the other way, and started on a run in the direction taken by the bear. This trifling accident saved the life of the Indian, for I had fully resolved to shoot him if I could not get away without. I ran about four hours, for dear life, and shaping my course by the tops of the trees, traveled all night, until at daybreak I stopped for rest and refreshment.

I laid down for an hour or two, not daring to make a fire or go to sleep, and then resumed my journey. The whole of that day I made good time, and when I lit my fire at night I was more than a hundred miles from the camp of the hunters.

They probably did not know of my flight until the next morning, and I knew that, with the start I had, there was no runner in the tribe who could overtake me by following my trail. After a long, weary tramp through woods and swamps, over hills and plains, weak, tired and hungry, I reached Fort Berthold. Remaining here a few days, the old feeling of restlessness again took possession of me, and procuring a new outfit, I started for the trapping-grounds on the Wind river.

(To be continued.)

THE WINGED MESSENGER:
OR,
RISKING ALL FOR A HEART.
BY MARY REED CROWELL.
AUTHOR OF "THE IRON MASK," "OATH-BOUND," "LOVE-BLIND," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.
THE MAID OF LAKE VIEW.

STANDING at a distance of two miles from Chessom's Pride, and situated in the prettiest part of the village of Beechcrest, was a tiny cottage *arise*, whose elegant grounds, laid out in such delightful walks, arbors, dells and glens, where fountains played, and white statuettes gleamed amid the vivid green of summer foliage, was the admiration and pride of the Beechcrestians; while it possessed no less attractions in the wintry season, when the snow lay in vast, trackless sheets on the lawn, or piled up in fantastic heaps on summer-houses, fountain-beds and pedestals.

It was a gem of a place, and the house was no less perfect, with its marble-floored corridors, and beautifully furnished rooms, where all the elegant luxuries that money could buy, or taste devise, had found places.

About the estate, as well as the lovely, solitary mistress of it, had ever hung a mystery.

Who had bought Lakeview, or who had built it, was not known to an inhabitant of Beechcrest; all the facts that were known at all, were patent to every one; and the only known facts were these:

That Mr. and Mrs. Edward Grayson, the gentleman and wife who lived at Lakeview in a secluded sort of way for a dozen or so of years, had died on a European tour; and that the present proprietress, beautiful Gussie Palliser, was heiress and mistress.

Who she was, or from whence she had come, no one knew; people only knew how beautiful and gay and fashionable she was; and Lawyer Alden pored for days over a pile of musty papers.

Then the fact went forth that Miss Gussie Palliser was heiress of Lakeview and all the accompanying colossal fortune.

It was no hard task for the young girl to gather about her the *élite* of Beechcrest. Lakeview was thoroughly remodeled and fashionably refurbished; Miss Palliser established her elegant little two-horse phaeton, and dressed her little colored groom in blue and silver livery; gave a large, splendid party—and then knew she was a success; second to none, even the Chessoms of Chessom's Pride, with whom she was at once on terms of cordial intimacy.

But with all her shrewdness, Gussie Palliser had made a grand mistake at the very outset of her career, and yet she could not help it, for the Fates had so ordained it.

She had fallen in love—hopelessly, irretrievably in love. At first it had been a delightful flirtation; then, when the affair began to assume serious proportions, pretty, willful Gussie Palliser made up her mind that life, even with all the extraordinary inducements it offered her, would be a waste, unless she was blessed with the love of Ellis Dorrance. Possessed of a peculiar disposition, Gussie Palliser was a girl who would not love easily, and as readily forgot; with her it was necessarily an affection of a lifetime; an attachment formed never to be broken but by some fearfully severe blow.

Well, she had never heard of Florence Arbutnot, so she gave herself up to the full enjoyment of her dream, undisturbed by visions of Dorrance's disloyalty, feeling herself blessed among women because he had told her how he loved her. He had sworn to her how precious she was to him; and then, feeling secure because their stations in life lay so far apart, had gone direct to Florence Arbutnot and sued for her hand!

He loved—if such selfish and unprincipled men can experience the emotion—I say he loved sweet Florence far the best. To be sure, his vanity was deliciously flattered by the preference shown him by Gussie Palliser; and, Florence failing him, he was not averse to marrying the other.

As far as the money was concerned, Florence was, on that score, less acceptable in her lack of riches, than Gussie with her snug fortune.

And he loved Florence Arbutnot a thousand-fold the best, he said, even as he walked up the circular path that led to Lakeview, whose dozens of lighted windows gave evidence of Gussie's own bright presence. He went to her with lies on his lips, while she wore a ring he had given her; he kissed her for a welcome, wondering what she would say if she knew; and then like a revelation it flashed across him that he had been a consummate fool to have gone to Chessom's Pride as he did, avowing his interest in Florence Arbutnot, and Gussie going there so soon, when she surely would learn all. But he consoled himself with the thought that all might be decided before Gussie went to Chessom's Pride. If his plans worked, as he hoped they would work, Florence would be his own before Arch Chessom could tell Gussie of his perfidy.

And so intent were his thoughts, that more than once Gussie tapped his cheek with her fan, and offered a penny for his meditations.

CHAPTER V.
THE BEGINNING OF WRATH.

GUSSIE PALLISER never looked more regally than she did that night, and Mr. Dorrance, as he noted the short, boyish curls of sunny brown hair that clustered around her shapely head, and saw the dusky splendor of her black eyes, was fairly scintillated with merriment, wondering if, beneath that gay, joyous exterior, was a heart whose vengeance he would dread to encounter when he proved false to her; and then he wished he had never seen her, or else had never known Florence Arbutnot.

He bade her adieu early, and at the gate held a hurried consultation with a rusty-looking man awaiting him.

"Well, Palmer, did she get the letter? Did you see the man leave it?"

"With my own eyes, and if you want the answer to it, the sooner you are on the grounds the better."

"Then you hasten back, and if I am not there in time, attend to it yourself." Dorrance sauntered slowly along, not desiring to attract even chance attention by undue haste in leaving the grounds of Lakeview; so he lighted a cigar, and walked leisurely along, all unconscious of the presence of Gussie Palliser, as she followed him, rapidly walking to keep pace with his longer strides.

It had happened curiously, and yet the finger of Fate could be plainly discerned. After Ellis Dorrance had bade her good-night, and had got as far as the fountain, Gussie suddenly remembered a message she had particularly desired to tell him.

Snatching a shawl from the hat-rack in the corridor, she had flown after him; there, just where a large evergreen tree had interposed between them, she had heard the mysterious salutations exchanged between Dorrance and the stranger.

What was more natural than that her love and jealousy should be outraged and inflamed when she heard her betrothed husband discussing the subject of another lady's receiving a letter from him, and he awaiting the answer?

Gussie Palliser was a person of strong passions; one who could love as few women do, and hate, despise, as well.

At first, as she heard the words that struck a sickening chill to her heart, she had experienced a pang of agony, because she loved Ellis Dorrance so well, and the thought of losing him was death to her.

Then, as his cool, cautious tones continued, she wondered *who* it was that had won him from her.

So, when Dorrance walked on, her first

impulse was to stop him, and demand what she knew was her just right to know. But a second's thought told her to find out for herself, and so she walked noiselessly on, twenty yards behind him, with wild fires surging in her veins.

For a moment, as she gazed after his tall, handsome figure, she verily believed she wanted to kill him for his falseness; a keen desire to punish him to the fullest extent of her power—and her dark, clouded face wore a strange smile as she thought how little he, or any one, knew her power, the power a passionate, reckless, jealous temper gives into its possessor's hands.

It was a long walk from Lakeview to the end of the village where Florence Arbutnot lived; and the snow was cold under her feet.

But Gussie kept on, never regarding the time or the distance, only wondering how Ellis Dorrance could be so treacherous; he, whom she had exalted to a god among men; and compressing her red lips as she thought how dearly he should suffer if he had dared trifle with her.

At the corner Dorrance quickened his steps; and then, when he had reached the sidewalk directly opposite the residence of the Arbutnots, he paused and steadily regarded the light windows of Florence's room.

The moon was going down, but it was light; perhaps on account of the snow, so that Gussie, from her post of jealous observation—a tree-box, just around the corner, where she might have stood in the broad sunlight and never have been observed—could watch every play of Dorrance's features, as he gazed at the gleaming windows. Directly the gas was turned off; and then Gussie saw a young girl come to the window, raise the sash and look out. Dorrance was earnestly watching her, a half-sensible exclamation on his lips, and Gussie, her heart throbbing wildly, made up her mind that this fair-faced girl was the one who had robbed her of all she held dear.

With eyes flashing like those of an enraged leopardess, she suddenly stepped directly before Dorrance.

An oath sprung to his lips; less from fear than surprise to see her face to face, her white trailing velvet dress lying whiter than the snow beneath it.

Her flaming eyes seemed almost as luridly red as the snow she had flung around her; and her face was pale as the ghostly moonlight.

"Well, Ellis Dorrance?"

Her commonplace words cut him like a sword, so full were they of stinging wrath.

"Gussie, you in your slippers, and bonnet, so far from home? Why?"

"Don't be fretting about me; don't assume what you do not feel. I ask you, what does this all mean?"

She raised a hand, and Ellis saw the flash of the diamond ring he had sworn was his truth-plight to her—toward Florence Arbutnot's windows. For a moment Dorrance stood busily searching for a plausible excuse; then, before he could frame a sentence, Gussie spoke:

"Why need I desire you to explain? It is enough that I am outraged, insulted by the affair; that you are a rogue, a villain! Ellis Dorrance, what shall I do to you?"

Her passionate anger aroused his own ungovernable temper; he saw the game was up, the time had come of its own accord when Gussie must learn his perfidy; he would battle with an adverse fate no longer.

"Gussie, you count without your host when you dare threaten me. Remember a man has a right to love whom he chooses; and such fiery women as you do not often keep a man's heart after they have won it."

"I have kept your heart, till she won it; but now, if a free gift, I do not accept it. Ellis Dorrance, I believe you are one of Satan's own—go your way; when you next expect it, you may regret the treachery you have shown me."

She turned away from him, and retraced her long, weary, chilling walk to her elegant home, while Dorrance, with a half-curse that she had detained him so long, hastened after Palmer.

The two watched from a distance until Florence closed the sash again, then, while Palmer went to his room, Ellis walked over to the hotel opposite the Arbutnots' residence.

He secured a front room, and there he resolved to await the going forth of the carrier-dove.

Early the next morning, Palmer came, according to previous agreement; then he set forth on a walk toward Chessom's Lodge, where, at a convenient spot he was to capture the little messenger.

There was not long to wait. The sun had just arisen, and from his window, peering through the curtains, Ellis saw Florence send the dove forth, with a little folded billet around its neck.

His face denoted the evil gladness of his heart as he leisurely made his exit from the side entrance and walked along to his own rooms, where he was to await Palmer.

An hour later Palmer returned, the dove safe in an unsuspicious basket he carried, and Florence's dutifully-worded note still attached to its neck.

"Dear, dearest, I consent to your proposals. Let it be to-morrow, between nine and ten, when I will leave my room by means of some strategy, even if I have to consent to promise myself to that despicable wretch."

Dorrance felt a glow of wrath flush his dark cheeks as he read.

"Now, Palmer, you attend to the errands I spoke of. Go to Isabel first, remember; then return to Norman street."

The man, Palmer, obeyed; a look of imperturbable stoniness on his heavy, stolid face; then after he was out of sight of Dorrance he laughed coarsely.

"I'm getting well paid for this job, but I reckon the boss don't suspect what's at the bottom of all my devotion. Policy, my gay Mr. Dorrance—policy's the word; for Jim Palmer don't work as hard as this for anybody but himself."

He walked along, a self-satisfied grin on his ugly lips as he glanced up at the darkened windows of Florence's room.

"My pretty little lady, it's lucky you can sleep to-night; for, if I am a judge, you'll be broke of your rest to-morrow night, on two accounts, seeing that I know the contents of your love-letter as well as Dorrance does."

CHAPTER VI.

THE CAGED BIRD.

The next day was one of peculiar excitement to Florence Arbutnot. She had sent her note of acceptance to Arch Chessom, never, of course, doubting but that he had

received it; then, after a restless night, she awoke, resolutely determined to break the bonds that were fettering her.

Florence's childhood had not been made up of those delightfully sacred confidences between herself and mother; Mrs. Arbutnot, though proud of the girl's beauty and style, had not satisfied the young, craving heart with tender demonstrations of affection, and many were the times Florence had cried herself to sleep in her younger days that she had no one to kiss her good-night, or tuck her up in her crib.

Latterly, when she had learned to depend on other resources for her happiness, she had very naturally grown alienated from her parents in heart, if not in manner.

Often she had seriously wondered why her life was so barren of the sweet tenderness she saw in other families; then, little by little, in a matter-of-fact way, she had accustomed herself to think she was not the child of Mr. and Mrs. Arbutnot.

Whose, then, was she?

Perhaps another person would have imagined most romantic improbabilities, but Florence supposed she was a charity child, very likely; and while she gave the Arbutnot's grateful thanks for their benevolence, she inwardly wished she had been less favored in a worldly point of view, and not so starved in her heart.

But, all in all, mother, father, lover, was Arch Chessom to her: when the Arbutnots seemed to hate with a most venomous hatred, while, with unseemly determination, they forced upon her the attentions of Ellis Dorrance; which very assiduity, against her oft-expressed wishes, was the latest, strongest proof to her that they were not her own parents, who would care for her happiness above all things.

So it had come to happen that there were few feelings of compunction or regret in Florence's heart that day, as she made her preparations for the evening.

She had her breakfast brought to her room; and then, by the maid, sent word to Mrs. Arbutnot she would be down to lunch, according to the arrangement of the previous day, which meant she was ready to comply with her demand to give Mr. Dorrance a satisfactory answer.

With beaming face, Mrs. Arbutnot hastened to the room.

"I knew you would think better of it, Florence. Just remember, his money, and the elegant mansion he is building on Park Walk. And he is so handsome, too, my dear!"

Florence had made up her mind to listen to no eulogies on the gentleman's behalf, and she told the lady so.

"I don't want to hear a word about him, if you please. I will see him at ten this evening; not sooner."

Mrs. Arbutnot arched her brows in lady-like amazement.

"Ten o'clock! isn't that very late?"

"Then or not at all, whichever you prefer," returned Florence, stiffly.

To which the lady assented, only too gladly, through fear of the alternative.

"Let it be ten then, in the library. Your father and I will be home till nine or thereabouts, and then we've arranged to stay all night with Mrs. Orman's boy that's ill with the scarlet fever. I would have been grieved to have left you in your own room, Florence; as it is, I am perfectly content that Ellis Dorrance shall help you pass an hour or two away. Ann will be in the kitchen, you know."

Florence's heart throbbed gladly. The house to be deserted by her parents, and she left to go out as she chose! She knew Mr. and Mrs. Arbutnot would remain until they knew that Dorrance had come.

Mrs. Arbutnot left the room, to write a summons to Dorrance to come at ten, as Florence had relented, and would see him.

At his rooms, where he was lodging while the house in Park Walk was being erected, Dorrance's letter was left by the village carrier.

He came in, just toward noon, after a round of visits, to find the letter; but not before Jim Palmer had acquainted himself with the contents.

Dorrance smiled, and tossed Mrs. Arbutnot's note in the grate.

It was nearing the hour of eight o'clock, and Florence, from her room upstairs, heard Ellis Dorrance's voice in the parlor.

"I came early on a business call, Mr. Arbutnot, and will retire in a half-hour, to return at ten, to see Miss Florence."

Then the door closed, and Florence, half vexed that he should be under the same roof, half exultant as she thought how she would outtriumph him, went on with her dressing.

She was very pretty with her pink-flushed cheeks, and red, arched lips; very lovable with the tender love-glow in her bright eyes as she adjusted her dress before the toilet-glass, and thought it was her wedding dress.

To be sure it was all very different from the dreams she had conjured up in earlier days, such dreams as all young girls enjoy, visions of a trailing sheeny silken dress, with the rich, creamy lace gleaming mistily over it; the white, flowing veil bound by the inevitable orange blooms; the white gloves, etc. And yet, arrayed in the customary bridal attire, Florence would have failed to look lovelier than she did in a silver gray Irish poplin, trimmed with crescent folds of darker satin. Her hair was flowing over her shoulders and a narrow band of cherry velvet held it off her face.

Lace cuffs and a collar, her watch and chain completed her elegant attire, and then she sat down and waited for Ellis Dorrance to go away.

It was only a very few minutes before she heard his clear ringing voice at the parlor door.

"Don't trouble yourself to come to the front door, it's bitterly cold, Mrs. Arbutnot. I think I know the way, I'll be back by ten. Good-night."

He went out alone, Florence knew by the footsteps on the carpet. Then the front door closed with a quick jerk.

She drew a breath of relief. "I can scarcely breathe when that man is in the house!" She glanced impatiently at her watch that announced the time to be half past eight, and then Mrs. Arbutnot came in her room, bonneted, cloaked and furred.

"Walter Orman is worse and we must not lose a moment, Florence," and she stepped closely to the young girl's chair, speaking in a low, intense voice. "Ellis Dorrance will be here at ten, possibly earlier. I trust you to treat him the same as I were here. Ann will take care to report, remember."

A flush of anger reddened Florence's face.

"I do not need a servant to spy me."

When I see Mr. Dorrance this evening, I think I shall satisfy both you and him."

The lady failed to notice the accented "when," and the covert sneer in Florence's tone escaped her.

Yet her eyes shone with a steely gray glance as she bade "good-night."

"I shall look for the ring on your finger in the morning when I return."

"You shall see the ring when you return."

And a glad little flutter was in Florence's heart as she thought whose ring Mrs. Arbutnot would see.

But that lady marched away, wondering whether Dorrance had selected a solitaire or a cluster.

The house was deathly still after Mr. and Mrs. Arbutnot had gone; broken at intervals by the jolly melody of Irish Ann and her beam in the kitchen as they sang their old Erin songs, or laughed at their own wit.

It was arriving near half-past nine, and in a fever of impatience, Florence began her final preparations. Her sash, furs and dainty white felt jockey were quickly donned, just as the sound of carriage-wheels went flying past. She ran to the window, but too late to recognize what she knew was the Chessom coach.

She drew on her kids, and then sat down for a second before the grate to warm her feet. A feeling of strange, restless peace came over her as she realized how near the end of all her troubles; a sweet, almost solemn light came floating into her eyes, and a smile was hovering on her pretty lips at her own thoughts.

Then, she arose and turned to the door to go out, down away from persecution to love and happiness forevermore.

Ellis Dorrance, smiling in malignant triumph, was standing just inside, with the door shut and locked, and the key in his hand.

A low, bitter cry came from her lips; a pallid agony swept the light and joy off her face. She involuntarily recoiled as her frightened eyes rested upon him; then hot indignation quickly chased every other emotion before it.

"What do you mean, sir? are you aware this is my room?" Dorrance laughed lightly.

"Perfectly well. Are you aware I am an invited guest?"

"Not to this apartment. If you please, we will adjourn to the parlor."

She stepped to the door, but he intercepted her.

"Thank you, no. Besides, you can not get through, for the door is locked. See!" He swung the key lightly before her.

A little shiver of fear ran through her frame.

"It is very like you; all rascals and villains do the same! But in my home, I presume I am mistress; either unlock that door or permit me to. Otherwise, I shall sound an alarm from the window."

Her face was pale now, and she saw the fiendish smile on Dorrance's face that always sickened her so, as he stepped closely to her.

"Do not attempt to make a disturbance, or—" and he drew a gold-mounted pistol from his vest pocket.

"Florence, I am in earnest. I am a desperate man, as you will learn. Now, Florence Arbutnot, I came here to-night because you are all ready to meet Archer Chessom on the corner of Church street; you intend to be married at your own pastor's. But—"

He paused to enjoy the blank amazement on her face. How had he learned it?

"But, Florence, I have said I loved you; I have sworn an oath to make you mine; mine, mark you, by fair means or foul. I have offered you the fair, and now I shall make you accept the alternative."

His flaming eyes were burning into her face, his words came slowly, forcibly, sternly; the elegant little weapon he held with awful grace in his hand.

And Florence, in a whirl of contending emotions, terrified, angered, wonder-stricken, stood there face to face, hardly daring to breathe.

What should she do? Where was Archer, that he was not there to help her? Would Ellis Dorrance really shoot her if she screamed?

Then, while she was striving to decide what plans to pursue, he stepped suddenly forward, so near her she felt the flame of his breath on her cheek; she saw in a single second of horror, that he took from a small box a sponge; she smelled the chloroform, she knew it would render her insensible and she threw out her hands to fight him off. It touched her lips; she felt the sickening sensation that pervades total insensibility, and then—

Poor Florence! Ellis Dorrance was holding her in his arms, all unconscious, so beautiful, so fair, and his passionate eyes devoured her face in its perfect contour, the shapely form, the dainty hands, and high arched foot, in the small buttoned boot.

CHAPTER VII.

A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE.

With all his bad traits of character, no mother could have been more gentle than Ellis Dorrance was, as he placed the unconscious form of Florence in the large easy rocking-chair, and drew a hassock for her feet to rest upon. Then he opened her writing-desk and left thereon a note he took from his pocket.

"I have gone with Arch Chessom. Escape was the only alternative left me."

It was a perfect fac-simile of Florence's chirography, that had taken him hours to accomplish that day, with the intercepted letter to Chessom lying before him. To the note was subscribed her name and Arch Chessom's, written in a large, bold hand, that the keen-headed, cunning-handed plotter had practiced on as well; his copy, a blue silken ribbon, he had taken from the carrier-dove's neck, that bore the name of the owner in his own hand-writing, written in a golden bronze, indelible fluid.

This note Dorrance left on the desk where it would be observed the moment one entered the room.

Then he took Florence, and drew her veil over her face; carried her gently, silently down the stairs; at the door, fearful lest the cool night air might revive her, he placed the sponge closely to her mouth, while, with but one or two steps he lifted her into the carriage that Palmer had driven to the door—the carriage Florence had heard while she was dressing. He lifted her gently in, and then followed.

"Now, Palmer, my good fellow, to the Haunted House as fast as the horses can carry you."

Palmer touched up the horses, that had been impatiently pawing the crumbling

snow-heaps; down through the village streets they sped along, then out on the country road, past Chessom's Pride, where Arch sat in the lighted library, wondering why Florence had been so tardy in answering his letter; and giving himself as a reason that she knew best when to write him.

He heard the rattle of the carriage as it dashed by, and he glanced carelessly out at it, then resumed his reading. If he had but known! Ah! if we all but knew sometimes of the invisible danger or sorrows so near, yet so far!

Ellis Dorrance's dark face lighted with sardonic pride as he peered out at the elegant mansion, and faintly discerned the form of Arch by the center-table, where the drop gas was burning.

Jim Palmer's sinister face wore a smile, too, as he sneered to himself:

"I hate them both! I wonder which the worst? And as I hate them, so do I love her. Jim Palmer, body-servant to Mr. Ellis Dorrance, in love with Florence Arbutnot, heiress of— There, that secret shall not leave my lips, even to the winds."

He lashed the horses into a still madder gallop, as if the wild speed cooled his heated brain.

"Yes, I know the secret! and I'll use it, too! But I'd love her none the less were she a milk-maid. I wonder who'll win this race? that blackguard inside this carriage, or dandified young Chessom, back yonder? Or Jim Palmer?"

His reverie was broken by Dorrance's voice:

"As quick as you can, Palmer; for I fear the effects of the drug are wearing off."

"I've only a quarter mile, sir; it's all right."

Up a dreary, stony road, where the snow had drifted off the carriage was dragged through a bleak lawn, and to the door of an immensely large, dilapidated house.

With the same jealous care, Dorrance lifted Florence from the pillowed seat, and supported her slight figure to the inner hall.

"Wait a moment, Palmer, come to the fire, and warm yourself. I'll go back with you."

Then he touched a bell that sat on the table.

A repulsive-faced black woman answered his summons.

"Bid your mistress come hither. At once, tell her."

It was hardly a second, when the door opened and a woman entered and came up to Dorrance; her bright, fiercely-handsome eyes steadily regarding Florence.

"Isabel, this is she. Will you attend to her as we arranged, at once?"

The woman was still intensely regarding Florence, whose faint, fluttering breath was coming in little gasping sobs; then, after a searching glance at Palmer, who was sipping hot rum beside the blazing fire, stolidly indifferent, apparently, to whatever passed between the two, she raised her eyes to Dorrance's face.

"Tell me truly, Ellis, before I touch her: is the story you told me true, that she is an heiress you want to get rid of for a friend or—?" and here the low, clear, ringing voice took in a defiant intonation that fairly challenged him for the answer—"or is it another one whom you think you love? Remember, Ellis, though I've sworn to serve you, and stand by you, I can not brook this."

She laid her nervous, brunette hand on his sleeve: he met her glance bravely, while a reassuring smile broke over his handsome, wicked face.

"I told you the truth, Isabel. This girl must be kept hidden, for a while at least, as I explained last night. She is nothing to me, nor ever can be. How could she be, when my peerless Isabel lives?"

How tenderly he caressed her; how enchantingly her dark face lighted up under his smile!

"But, Isabel, I fancy she will tell you strange things; you will not believe them. I know, because I deny them beforehand. Besides, I am sure the *lofted* I administered has turned her brain somewhat. See to her, Isabel, and I will return to-morrow at the same hour."

Then, just as Florence opened her eyes in a frightened, dazed sort of way, and Palmer set down his rum-glass, Ellis Dorrance clasped Isabel about the waist, and kissed her.

Palmer chuckled, and Florence gave a little pitiful cry, as the door closed on the men.

Isabel reached out her hand, in a winning, tender way.

"What is it? You are not afraid of me?"

"No, but of him! Where am I? where has he brought me? Oh, Arch! Arch! will no one come to me? Won't you please let me go home?"

She grasped Isabel's two hands with her own dainty-kid gloves; her eyes, wild and wide-opened, pleading more forcibly than her lips.

"Why should you desire to go home, Miss Ida?"

"Ida? My name is not Ida! it is Florence—Florence Arbutnot!"

Isabel smiled indulgently.

"I fear you are mistaken, my dear; Mr. Dorrance distinctly told me you were a Miss Ida Glenville."

Florence felt the net tightening around her; a horrible apprehension of danger came sweeping over her.

"It is false—false as his own black soul! Indeed, on my solemnest, sacredst word, I am Florence Arbutnot; I was to marry Mr. Chessom this very night; and Ellis Dorrance, the vile monster, came to my bedroom, and swore I should be his. Then—yes, I have been under the influence of some spell. I know—I awoke to find myself here."

She gazed around her with pitiful, saddened gaze.

"Well, for the present, you are safe and well. Let me show you your room; it is nearly eleven."

"I do not wish to retire. I will remain here."

"No, Mary!" called Isabel, just raising her voice. "Assist Miss Ida to her room."

There was a tone of stern, decisive resolve in that smooth, ladylike order; and Florence felt how utterly helpless she was. The negress respectfully opened the door, and Isabel wished her a good-night.

There was no choice left; and with heavy step, and aching heart, she trod the echoing halls, guiltless of covering; the creaking, trembling stairs, up flight after flight, till it seemed she was mounting the clouds.

Mary stopped before a door that she unlocked, and then preceded her in.

"It ain't as nice as it might be, Miss Ida."

But Florence sunk on her knees, the tears streaming from her eyes, as she clutched the gown of the ugly woman.

"Oh, don't call me that; it's not my name—please believe me! Let me go out, and see what I'll give you!"

She piled her rings, her watch and chain, her bracelets and portemonnaie, in Mary's hands, in a fever of eagerness.

"There! there! now show me the way down-stairs! Come, before that Dorrance finds me again!"

She caught the negress by the arm, to drag her to the door.

Then, seeing her hesitate, and concluding the temptation was not strong enough, Florence snatched off her elegant furs.

"Take these too, if you will! and I'll exchange dresses with you. Take all I've got, only let me get away!"

Just then the dark, brilliant face of the Italiane looked over Mary's shoulder.

"Carry Miss Glenville's trinkets to my room, Mary."

Then, when Florence had turned away in bitter disappointment, Isabel went up to her, and laid her little hand on her shoulder.

"Miss Ida, you may as well be content to remain where you are. Here Mr. Dorrance brought you, for reasons best known to himself, and here you will remain until he sees fit to remove you."

Then she, too, followed Mary, and poor Florence heard the key grate as it turned in the rusty lock.

"Merciful Heaven! what shall I do?"

Then, as thought crowded on thought, her strength gave way again, and she slid softly down on the carpeted floor, in a deep fainting condition.

Down the four flights of stairs, in the large, gloomy, well-warmed but dimly-lighted dining-room, Isabel Lefevre sat beside the fire, her hands idly crossed on her knees, her black eyes gazing dreamily in the fire. Around her handsome, full-cut lips a peculiar expression was creeping; one of thoughtfulness mingled with distrust, jealousy and uncertainty.

Her face seldom proved an index of the thoughts within, but to-night, when she knew no human eye was on her, she suffered full play to the boldly handsome, expressive features; and her tiny brown hands folded and unfolded as she sat there.

"Am I to believe him, or not? Does he care for her? I would murder her in her sleep if I thought he did!"

THE SATURDAY JOURNAL

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 31, 1873.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or those desiring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates:

Terms to Subscribers:

One copy, four months . . . \$1.00
One copy, one year . . . 3.00
Two copies, one year . . . 5.00
All orders for subscriptions are careful to give address in full—State, County and Town. The paper is always stopped, promptly, at expiration of subscription.
Subscriptions can start with any required back number. The paper is always in print, so that those wishing for special stories can have them.
Canadian subscribers will have to pay 50 cents extra, to prepay American postage.
All communications, subscriptions, and letters on business, should be addressed to:
DEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,
56 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

A Revelation of the Metropolis.

In the coming number of the SATURDAY JOURNAL we give the opening chapters of

THE WRONGED HEIRESS; OR, The Vultures of New York.

BY RETT WINWOOD,
AUTHOR OF "A DANGEROUS WOMAN," ETC., ETC.

We call it a revelation, for such it is. In the guise of a romance, possessed of distinguishing power and sustained interest, a story is told which is so nearly paralleled in fact that it will serve to show the snares which are set for unwary feet in all great cities, and especially in New York.

A girl, unconscious of her own possessions, is reduced into dependence by those who should have been her guardians and protectors. This is not an uncommon crime; but, in this case,

A Woman of Society is the Robber!

and, to cover up her wrong-doing, she becomes the ally of a class of professional rogues whose "calling" is a recognized fact, in the annals of our criminal courts. They are well characterized as *Vultures*, who prey upon people as relentlessly, by means of

Blackmail, Pigeoning, Pitfalls and Robbery! as ever a vulture preyed upon the sheepfold. The narrative is highly dramatic but lifelike to reality, and though in no sense a "sensational" production, it has all the startling interest which comes from the truth that is stranger than fiction.

The Author of Hawkeye Harry Again!

This popular writer—now engaged exclusively on the SATURDAY JOURNAL—has given us, in his

DEATH-NOTCH,

The Young Life-Hunter,

another brilliant and strikingly original romance of the West. This author has made for himself an enviable fame, which each successive story increases. The new romance will be given in due season.

Our Arm-Chair.

Chat.—A correspondent from Cincinnati, says: "I think that your two last serial stories, 'Strangely Wed' and 'Pearl of Pearls,' are splendid, and my daughter desired me to inform you of our sincere gratification." Good daughter and sensible father! It is, of course, a source of great pleasure to us to receive such personal acknowledgments of the favor with which our labors are welcomed. We aim in producing a paper absolutely without blemish in the character of its matter, and parents may feel safe when they see the SATURDAY JOURNAL in their children's hands. Much of the literature of the day is so tainted with what is immoral in suggestion or act that parents may well feel anxious about what their children read. Our authors are not only very pure writers, but they understand our views upon this subject, and avoid any line of treatment or incident which can be construed as improper.

A Young Man wants to know if he has a right to take offense because he asked of a friend a letter of recommendation and was refused. We answer, he has no right to be offended unless the refusal was couched in discourteous terms. Such a refusal, in fact, might be a favor. If a letter of introduction, when presented, is slighted, it is a source of deep mortification to the bearer. To ask such a letter is a very delicate matter, and our rule is to advise young men never to solicit an employer or friend for such a favor. If it is volunteered by the friend, very good; take it with thanks; but do not place any friend in the position of an enemy to you, as must follow if he has to refuse you the required favor. Men who are cautious in business never give a letter of recommendation unless they are willing to become responsible for the character and acts of the bearer, and if they, for any reason, do not wish to assume this responsibility, why, surely it is their right, and it is not your right to take offense at the gentlemanly refusal. Your mistake was in asking the favor, personally.

A worthy Quaker once wrote: "I expect to pass through this world but once; if, therefore, there can be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do to any fellow human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer nor neglect it, for I will not pass this way again." If all men could act upon such a sentiment what a happy world would this be! It is a safe principle to adopt—never to omit to do a good deed when it can benefit a fellow-man. The thousands who propose many a worthy or considerate act, yet defer it from day to day, never accomplish much; they are the real benefactors, who, like the wise Quaker, say, "Let me do good now for I may not pass this way again." Such men are a perpetual blessing; their pathway is, to the consciousness of angels, a shining trail, upon which the good man may look when he himself becomes a spirit. If we all realized that evil thoughts

or wrong-doing left a dark trail, upon which we, in spirit-life, had to gaze, would we not hesitate and tremble over every misdeed or good left undone?

The Japanese have paper which is waterproof, and of which garments, handkerchiefs, hats, umbrellas and purses are made, and also paper warranted to wash, and of sufficient strength and pliability for any use. Paper to them is one of the necessities of life, and the wide extent of its use illustrates both their remarkable ingenuity and their love of the beautiful. Isolated as they have been for more than two hundred years, they have in that time, progressed more than any other Orient nation, and now bid fair to become the most respected and useful of all the Asiatics. Their presence here, by frequent embassies, and their employment of Americans to proceed to Japan for scientific and educational purposes, augurs well for our future relations; and we can safely prophesy that, in another generation, a Japanese will be as familiar a person in our business circles as a native of the South of Europe. Such are the amazing changes of this wonderful century, that we must stand out in future history as "The Century of the New Dispensation."

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF HENRY M. AVERY, (MAJOR MAX MARTINE.)

THERE is an old axiom to the effect that a Yankee lives and dies in the homestead where he was born; or, that he leaves it in his boyhood, and thenceforth becomes a wanderer up and down the face of the earth.

Maxime Martine was born in Bethel, Oxford Co., Maine; and was pronounced a "rolling stone" while yet a tow-headed youth in pinafores. Born with a thirst for adventure, which nothing else could satisfy, we find him early in life in the employ of the Hudson Bay Fur Company; enduring hardships and privations, and encountering perils in a service in which he had no interest, except as it brought him excitement. Four years of life in the far North-west, brought many adventures, both serious and comic; after which we find him in the wilds south of the Red River and Saskatchewan country as a free trapper, where he was known as one of the best guides and scouts on the Upper Missouri.

He was for several years a prisoner among the Teton Sioux—the only tribe of Indians on the continent who have never made peace with the Government. Through a strange whim of the chief, Setting Bull, he was adopted into the tribe, and by a reckless disregard of consequences in times of danger, rose rapidly in their estimation; and marrying the daughter of the chief, became a counselor in the nation. We have the authority of prominent officers commanding frontier posts in the far west, that this singular man was distinguished for his kindness to the whites who were taken prisoners; and that as long as he remained with a tribe no white person was ever put to death by them.

Growing tired of Indian life, on compulsion, he made his escape from the Sioux, and for some time served as a scout in the service of the Government, and rendered particular service to the commandant at Fort Reno. Then came a short captivity among the Cheyennes; after which he resumed the vocation of guide for emigrants from the Platte to Oregon—his whole life interspersed with thrilling adventures, and encounters with savage beasts, and still more savage Indians. His last captivity was among the Blackfeet, where his life was saved in a remarkable manner, after he had been bound to the stake for torture by fire.

The following, concerning him, is an extract from the report of Lieut. Beaumont, to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, dated June 3d, 1866. "I must not neglect to make honorable mention of the fact that a young white man, who has been for some time an interpreter for the Teton Sioux, (whose prisoner he is), is doing more toward securing their good will than a regiment of soldiers could do. He is well known upon the frontier, and has a strange influence over the Indians with whom he chooses to live." *

With this noted man we have just concluded an engagement by which he is to become a regular contributor to our columns. His sketches will consist of his life and adventures, from the period of his entering the service of the Fur Company to his return to civilization, giving us, in his truthful record, a perfect picture of the wild life in the West which awakens in men some of the noblest qualities and some of the fiercest passions of human nature. Major Martine is emphatically of that class which Kit Carson has so honored—a cool hunter, a brave scout, a sure guide, a subtle traitor, a steady friend, a dangerous foe; and our readers may expect, in his narratives, such an entertainment as no popular journal in America will be able to present.

The portrait given on our first page is from a photograph taken *en costume*, Fort Benton, M. T., 1867, and is a good representation of the famous ex-Chief, Hunter and Guide.

TRUE WEALTH.

It is all arrant folly to judge a man's wealth by the money he may chance to be possessed of. To be sure, he is rich, yet money is not true wealth, but I will tell you what is.

A man surrounded by a loving wife, fond and affectionate children, who are happy in each other's society, each striving to make life pleasant to one and all around them. Kindness in every look and action, sympathy with and for each other, and never fearing that they will hear of one of the family group going astray. Their home may be a common one, with bare floors and cheap curtains; there may even be pieces of the plastering chipped off here and there, but if love and good will are dwellers therein, there is more true wealth than there would be if they dwelt in a "brown-stone front," with money enough for every real and fancied want, and hate and discontent were guests at their board and fireside.

The one who owes no man a penny, though he live on only bread and water, feels in his heart that he knows more what true wealth is, than he would if he dined on dainty fare, yet was accumulating a heavy debt to pay for it all. Why, what happiness can a man have if he is continually contracting heavy debts which he sees no way of liquidating?

Two men went by my window just now. The first was a day laborer, with his hunched back, and his shoulder, singing away as if he did not know such things as care and trouble ever existed in this world. There was a healthful, cheerful look in his face, and a merry twinkle in his eye, which told plainly that his money didn't go to help the liquor-seller support his family, while his own was begging for a mouthful of bread.

No, he knew himself better than that. Immediately following came a young man with a bloated face, and a countenance in which you could read ill health caused by too free use of the whisky-bottle. He had money, but he hadn't health. Which of these two possessed true wealth, and which of the two lives do you think was the happiest?

The scholar has more true wealth by his acquiring an education than the man who has cheated another and become rich by fraud. I don't care if the latter has his carriages, horses, magnificent dwelling-house and liveried servants; these might all be taken away in an hour, but the education of a scholar will remain with him all ways.

The lady in her gorgeous dresses and elegant costumes may seem an enviable creature, but I'd far rather have the true wealth of the girl who makes her clothes, when I know the one lives for show, the other for work.

I do not speak in derision of the rich, but I do not envy them the ceaseless anxiety they have of how to dress the most extravagantly. I am only remarking that a comfortable income brings with it more real pleasure than untold riches would do.

Ask any of our wealthiest citizens if they were not far happier and more contented when they were plodding on to obtain a competence than they are now they have gained the height of their desires.

Go to the poor man's hut, and tell him you will make him rich if he will give you his children. Will he do it? No, he will not; he knows that no amount of gold you could offer him would make up for the loss of a child.

Then envy no more the glare and glitter of what the world styles wealth. Let those who are rich enjoy it in their way, but seek out for the true wealth in the worker, toiler and laborer; for in those persons you will find it. It is the wealth of a strong arm and not of a fat purse, but it is the only true and desirable wealth.

EVE LAWLESS.

DIED OF STARVATION.

THE inscription would be appropriate on a greater number of tombstones than you'd be apt to imagine at first thought. And the worst of it is that surviving friends, in almost every case, never suspect the nature of the cause which slowly and surely sapped away vitality.

They may not have lacked the wherewithal to spread a piteous board, but table luxuries are not all that we poor humans crave for daily food. Not one of us but needs sympathy, and when it is denied we feel the blank surely as if it were the material meat abstracted from our daily rations.

Amid the respectable working classes it is more often the wife who is stinted in the mental food; she has wearisome days of toil which begin with the breaking light, for "he" must have a substantial repast before his hand is put to the revolving wheel of his daily labor. It is proper that he should have it, too; but it is not meet that he should swallow it in grim and sullen silence as is too often the case. Why can't he have a word of commendation for the lightness of the johnny cake, the crispness of the potato, the juiciness of the steak, to brighten the day, with its onerous burden of cares and trials. A pleasant word, a smiling glance, a little remembrance, such as a knot of blossoms odoriferous of the country where she was reared, and to which her thoughts go wandering back from the box-like city tenement which our workmen call home, would be manna to the hungry spirit, which reaches vainly for sunlight and pure air to nourish it.

Men whose wives are afraid to please their own tastes by a blooming rose-tree in the window, because you have no patience with such flummery—do you never think what source of comfort it would prove? The flower would never deny her its fragrance as you deny her the sweet essence of loving, sympathetic cheer. Some time she will lay down the burden of life gloomily, and you will mourn her for a day sincerely enough in your sable garments and the desolate quietude of your bereaved home, but you'll wear off your grief by contact with the world very soon, and never dream that she died of starvation.

Another and an opposite grade where the husband's life is absorbed in the busy marts of trade, and the wife has no thought outside the social sphere, where her aim is to escape all competitors in magnificence of style.

Business difficulties press upon him, and, in a fit of desperation, he severs the jugular vein with a single stroke, or sends a bullet crashing through his seething brain.

Yet, a little sympathy—a few words of brave encouragement from the wife whose duty it was to share his cares—might have altered it all.

Look to it that the charge is never laid at your door—that no loved one shall be laid to rest whose epitaph might properly be, "Died of starvation!" J. D. B.

FOOLSCAP PAPERS.

Wilson's Views on Shoemaking.

"TAKE IT AWAY IN AWE!" said Senator Wilson, as we entered the old room where he used to work at shoemaking. "Take it away in awe, there is a destiny that shapes our waxed-ends, rough twist them as you will, and it was in this room that I rose, peg by peg, to my present greatness. An honest shoemaker is the noblest work of the century, and nobody," said the Senator, with feeling—feeling for his handkerchief, "can say but that I always gave good measure, and plenty of it."

The trade was of my own selection. It offered such superior advantages for sitting down; not that I objected to standing up at all, but it saved shoe-leather, and I was economical."

"Here in this room my mind used to soar away into the dim domain of the untrodden future, looking for something great to achieve or strive for, while my hands would keep time to the pulsations of my fancy in the noble and soul-inspiring task of putting a patch on an old morbid boot. It sometimes happened on such occasions that the patch would get on the wrong boot, and then if it could not be satisfactorily explained to the owner, that the patch was necessarily there, I would be obliged to take it off at my own expense. Once or twice I made boots for some estimable ladies, but found out my mistake when they came after them, when of course I was obliged to keep them on my hands.

You see I lived in those days in an ideal world, as my French leather often did.

I have often been aggravated when fellows would want their boots repaired while there was nothing left of the boots but the straps, or when a fellow would come with two feet, which would be more proper to call two yards, and want a pair of boots made at the same price as the others; and it would be necessary to begin by laying keels on a tramway, and proceed in the same way they build ships, and when completed, I'd have to decorate them with flags, take out the front of the house, and launch them out into the middle of the street—to music.

From constant reaching forward in life and bending over my work, although an upright man, I got an inclination forwardly, which I never got over until I accidentally got into straightened circumstances and got my back set.

Working in the interest of Freedom and against the inclemency of the weather, in mending the foundations of men, is not perhaps the most poetical pursuit in the abstract that a philosophical mind might follow, but, Mr. Whitehorn, if you have any boys make shoemakers of them if you want them to be Presidents. That is the sole way.

From the very first I always built my boots according to the last, and if they did not fit, it was the fault of the last, and not of me; besides I was working for something out of my trade, for I had an eye on the Philadelphia Convention even in those days, and would not leave even my lapstone unturned to prepare for it.

I worked late and early, late in the morning and early in the evening, for you see it didn't require the aid of shoemakers' wax to make me stick to the trade.

Although I half-soled, I had the reputation of being a whole-souled man—a man of unbounded liberality and generosity, and was always considered upper leather.

While an apprentice I never lost much of my time, however much I may have lost of the boss's, for I was taught the old adage of striking while the leather's hot.

There always seemed to me to be something connected with a pile of old boots and shoes that inspired to political distinction and diplomatic greatness. I don't know how it is or what it was, but I always thought so.

In my own mind I fully believe that the best school for a member of Congress, is the shoemaker's shop. His motto is, "measures, not men." If the public credit is running down at the heel, it is the shoemaker who can build it up again—strengthen the counter and put in two rows of nails on the outside; therefore he is a *shoer* man to trust. It is he who will put the National Government on its proper footing. If there is a hole in the Treasury, he will mend it with a wax-end, so that in the end it will wax: if some foreign measure or shoe pinches the National foot, he will tree it out, so that it will fit easy without hurting a corn. If his work don't rip, he will be a capital rip-representative.

It is he who will take dishonest officials out of their pews, give deserving merit all the credit he can, and furnish the Congress gaiter which will enable members to walk through business, heel dissensions, and thereby fulfill Scripture, which truly says the last shall be first.

Subscribed to by
WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Short Stories from History.

Aurora Borealis.—This beautiful phenomenon has never been seen in European countries to the southward of London; at least not in modern times; and yet when we reflect upon the phenomena in early times, to which superstition affixed the appellation of showers of fire, fiery swords, etc., even as far south as Jerusalem, it is scarcely possible to doubt that they have been seen further south than they appear at present.

In Scotland, the Aurora Borealis was unknown previous to the commencement of the eighteenth century, when the Northern Lights were supposed to be prophetic of the intestine troubles that followed the Hanoverian succession. The same superstition prevails in the northern parts of England, where it is confidently asserted that they never were seen until the execution of the Earl of Derwentwater, in 1715, with which event it is not doubted but they were in some degree connected.

A living traveler relates a curious fact connected with their appearance in the Southern States of North America, which shows with what avidity the imagination raises a superstition on natural phenomena. "In the autumn of 1789," he says, "I was at Norfolk, in Virginia, where a frequent subject of tea-table gossip was a prophecy, printed in New England, stating that the world was to be destroyed by fire, on a specific day in November in that year; a prophecy which, absurd as it was, actually made a deep impression, even on those who professed to laugh at it. It happened on this very day that I crossed Elizabeth river, and stopped in Portsmouth to spend the evening at a house where there was a large party of both sexes. There the prophecy became the subject of conversation; and the day being nearly past, the whole party were speedily becoming most courageous philosophers. All at once, our ears were assailed by loud murmurs outside. We rushed to the door, and were much astonished at finding the whole population of the place in the street; the greater part of them on their knees, and uttering the loudest lamentations. Attracted by the brilliancy of the heavens, I raised my eyes upward, and observed a very vivid Aurora Borealis casting its coruscations over more than half the hemisphere. On turning round, I saw the whole party on their knees, and evidently in great trepidation. The scene was certainly awful, yet I could not restrain a burst of laughter; when my friends, with the utmost horror, begged me to desist, and not draw the wrath of offended heaven upon them.

"With difficulty I at length persuaded some of them to listen to me, when I assured them that all they saw was a common phenomenon in more northern latitudes. I also endeavored to convince some of the strangers nearest to me that there was no cause for alarm; but I could gain no converts. I succeeded, however, in drawing my own party back into the house, where I was considered something more than human, from relieving their minds from the horrors which assailed them. Toward midnight, the Aurora dispersed, as did the fears of the good people of Portsmouth. On crossing the ferry to Norfolk, I found that the same species of alarm had existed there."

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence sent by mail is permissible in a package marked as "Book MSS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit, or fitness, secondly, upon brevity, and lastly, upon the length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, leaving of each page as it is written, and carefully giving its file or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unsuitable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their efforts early attention.—Contributors must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We have to place on the unavailable list the following: "Time Makes All a Home;" "Retribution;" "Yachting;" "Nice Hot Corn;" "Heartless Coquette;" "Mystery Explained;" "A Short Chapter on Husbands;" "A Good Scamp;" "The Picnic Kiss;" "Bosom of the Glen;" "A Lancer Match;" "Hobnobbing with Fate;" "Kiss Me, Darling;" "The Boy-man."

The following we can use, sooner or later: "Among the Blacked;" "Slight Difference;" "Slaughter of the Wolves;" "That Dolly Yarden;" "A Double Mistake;" "A Swing for Life."

The poems by Wm. S. N. we can use, but not upon the terms in which they are offered, namely, awaiting a place to put any more on the pay list at present.

The two serials by H. B. G. are very good of their kind, but that kind we do not want. Lords and Princes, Dukes and Counts are a discount with us. We prefer American stories.

H. R. Consult any good work on Etiquette. Beadle's Dime Book of Etiquette is among the very best.

W. H. C. The JOURNALS are six cents each, mailed from this office, postage paid. Complete sets of all our last volume issues can be supplied.

Helen P. R. Little can be done with a girl who receives letters clandestinely but to point out to her the danger and impropriety of all secret correspondence. Harsh measures will only aggravate the trouble. Talk kindly but earnestly. If it is a girl, let her see the correspondence, and let her see the correspondence, ask the postmaster to deliver you the letters. If the correspondence is dangerous through a third person of course you can not touch it.

Mrs. G. F. T. Sprites of wine will remove grease spots from papered walls. Dip a piece of flannel in the wine and rub the spots. Grease from woolen fabrics can be removed with a sponge moistened with aqua ammonia (hartshorn), diluted with water. Any "hard" or "stiff" water can be softened by potash. Dissolve one pound of potash in one gallon of water, and use a gill of this to "soften" a tub of hard water.

Geonze G. S. Yes; tea culture is progressing in this country. Over 8000 plants are now growing in California and are doing well, under the care of Chinese laborers. Dr. Smith, of Greenville, S. C., is also successfully cultivating the bush.

Chas. N. There is no "Language of Kissing" except the language of nature, and that is as inexpressible as the language of Eyes. No gentleman kisses a woman's lips until he is an accepted lover. Kiss the forehead and cheeks in a token of affection, and is only permissible to those near in friendship.

SUPERSTITIONS. A surprise-party should be so managed as to give the lady "surprise" no trouble or annoyance. If it occasions either, your party is a great mistake. So, first know that the surprise will be inappropiate or inconvenient. If it is a surprise, very quietly, and have each person who is invited provide a certain share of the refreshments, so that all may not provide the same. It is a surprise, necessary to the lady surprised, unless some one has the happy faculty of saying a funny thing, and thus putting all persons present in good temper. The refreshments should be sent in beforehand, if a person and by him be taken, at the proper time to the house. For each guest to come with a basket cruetes fuss and bother.

STUDENT. Mr. Wharton, in one of his lectures, states that philologists divide the original languages into three branches. The Shemitic from the race of Shem, which was used in parts of Asia and Africa; from the race of Ham, which was spoken in Africa; and the Apheric from the race of Japhet, from which was derived the languages of Europe, Greek, Latin, and certain other European tongues.

LAURA. You can make a pretty dress with two shades of gray fabric. Lay the fabric in long folds put on in clusters of two. Short polonaise made of darker shade, with bands cut out in small scallops, beneath which is a fall of lace.

MIXTURE. For the treatment of gum-boils, foment the outside of the face with a hot chamomile and poppy-head fomentation, and apply to the gum-boil, between the cheek and the gum, a white bread and milk poultice, which must be renewed frequently.

COOK. The following table is the general average of time required to boil various articles: a ham, 20 lbs. weight, requires 8 hours 30 minutes; a tongue (if dry), after soaking, 4 hours; a tongue out of pickle, 3 hours; a neck of mutton, 1 hour 30 minutes; a chicken, 20 minutes; a leg mutton, 45 minutes; a capon, 35 minutes; a pigeon, 15 minutes.

FOREIGNER. The chief provisions of the Naturalization Law, as established by an Act of Congress, are: first, all who are naturalized in this country five years, and have made a declaration of their intentions two years prior to their application, and who are naturalized in this country, have arrived in this country previous to 1812, can be naturalized without having previously made a declaration of their intentions. Third—All who have arrived in the country under the act of 1812, and have continued to reside therein for five years, can be naturalized without having made a previous declaration of their intentions.

INQUIRER. The art of weaving cloth was brought from Flanders into England, in the year 1331.

SERVANT. An action will not lie against an employer for giving an unfavorable character of a servant, even though it be in writing; but, if it can be proved, that an employer has given a false character to a servant from motives of malice, then an action can be brought against him.

PEDS. The best way of removing a hard corn on the toe is to cut with a sharp pair of pointed scissors around the corn, gradually working around and around to the center, until the whole of the corn is well loosened, remove the corn with your fingers, with a pair of forceps. A hard corn on the side of the foot and the sole, can be removed by filing it a little every day until a sharp pain is felt, which tells that the end of the corn is approaching. The soft corners between the toes are quickly removed with acetic acid, applied every night, by means of a camel's hair brush. The toes should be kept apart for a few minutes in order that the acid may soak in; then put a little cotton or wool between the toes.

NEW COOK. To make asparagus soup, take two quarts of good beef or veal stock, some sweet herbs, two or three turnips, parsnips, carrots, and the white parts of a hundred young asparagus—if old, fifty—and let them simmer till all is to be rubbed through a tammy; strain and season it; have in readiness the green tops of the asparagus, and add them to the soup.

COINER. Silver money was first coined at Rome, in 299 B. C., and gold coins were first coined at Rome, in 246 B. C.

ANXIOUS MOTHER. You need some good advice. You must not dose your children with quack cordials and syrups that fill the shops, and are extensively advertised as containing no opium; physicians frequently have to call upon some child dangerously narcotized by these quack medicines.

THAIAN. The first eruption of Vesuvius, which occurred on the 1st November, 79 A. D., entirely destroyed the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. There was also a heavy earthquake, at the same time, which aided in the destruction of the two cities.

BENEDICT. Of course a bachelor ought to pay school taxes. If he refuses to perform the duties of full citizenship, by refusing to marry and thus to contribute to the nation's strength, he ought to be made to pay a double tax—is our view of the case!

MARY G. It is now too late to sow the seeds of annual (flowers) and biennial (plants) this year. You can, however, sow biennials.

VARRY. By law made some years ago, the words, "To be preserved" written around the seal of a letter insures its preservation at the Dead Letter Office.

MARY VARRAR. A stylish gray color will be much in vogue for spring fashions this season.

NORTON. You are greatly mistaken in believing that "Leap-year" commences with the 1st of January—it begins upon the 24th of February, which day only comes once in every four years; hence, those ladies who have been laying snares and making proposals from January 1st of '72, have greatly anticipated their "rights," and gentlemen who have accepted them are not legally bound!

OSCAR. A black dress-coat and pants, with white or black vest, are indispensable as "full dress."

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

THE WHITE LILIES.

BY S. H. BROWN.

In a sheltered nook three white lilies grew;
And the forest trees waved around;
They were fanned by sweet winds when the
zephyrs blew,
And when the sun rose his course to pursue,
By its golden rays they were crowned.

They reflected themselves in the glassy rill
That ran at their side, smooth and bright,
And when the shadows crept o'er the hill,
And day gave place to the night calm and still,
They folded their leaves of white.

There is a story told of a lovely maid
Who was sad and broken-hearted,
She was left by her lord in the lonely shade
When the evening sun on the hill-tops played,
And each holy life was parted.

She wandered alone in the world's deep gloom,
And sunk on the damp earth dying;
She has gone with her tears to the silent tomb,
And over that spot do the lilies bloom,
To mark the green place where she is lying.

And the birds do not the high treetops forsake—
They all day long sing above her;
Out of thy slumber, Fair Lady, awake!
But her slumber's so deep it will not break,
She hath gone from this world to another.

Strangely Wed:

OR,
WHERE WAS ARTHUR CLARE?

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

AUTHOR OF "ADRIA, THE ADOPTED," "CECIL'S DE-
CEIT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

A DREAM WHICH IS NOT ALL A DREAM.

At a word from Justine, the carriage was
stopped at the foot of the winding ascent,
and she, with Miss Gardiner, alighted from
it. She would not have it appear that she
returned to The Terrace except by her own
free will.

The hundred marble steps lay like white,
polished slabs against the black, frozen
ground of the terrace, where leafless shrub-
bery rattled stark branches, and where the
tender plants were carefully covered or
wrapped with straw, to preserve them from
the winter's freezing. The place was desolate
now, compared with its blooming sum-
mer aspect, but Justine's companion glanced
around her with an approving eye.

The extensive grounds sloping away from
the twenty-five terraces, with their gleaming
steps grouped four and four, the wide gar-
dens, with hot-houses ranged at the sides,
where fruits ripened and flowers bloomed
all the year through; and beyond, the park
with its tangled foliage deepening into the
denser, heavier growth of forest which lay
behind—all indicated beyond doubt the
prosperous condition of the master of this
place, fit for a prince's heritage.

The footman who answered the door,
started at sight of Justine, but was too well
trained to betray any further sign of sur-
prise. He bowed in token of respectful
recognition, and was proceeding to throw
open the doors of the lower drawing-room
suite, when Justine interrupted him.

"Not there, Michael! Show the lady to the
blue drawing-room, and take her card to
your master. He is in, I presume?"

"Yes, Miss Justine. He'll be glad to see
you back again; the master's not seemed
like himself of late. You'll find the place
changed since you went away, Miss."

"That is better than having the place
find me changed," returned Justine, good-
humoredly; but seeing the man's inclina-
tion to prove loquacious, determined not to
gratify it.

"Dear Miss Gardiner, will you pardon me
if I run away and leave you to face the
enuey alone? I must hunt up Saint Sylvie
to take the edge of my rancor off, before I
come to make terms with my guardian.
Doesn't it seem incongruous that an angel
of light and one of darkness should be so
nearly allied as those two? You don't
know Sylvie yet, to be sure; but I bespeak
a warm place for her in your regard. It
would be a heart of adamant that could re-
sist her gentle goodness?"

"Make terms with her guardian," solilo-
quized Miss Gardiner. "Well, so she shall
if my interposition can effect it, but to a
different end than she in her ignorant pre-
sumption dares to expect. My old-time
friend of The Terrace retains his luxurious
tastes, I see. No wonder he is adverse to
parting with the wealth which maintains
such style as this. I think I see two birds
in the snare, where I only contemplated
finding one; but that for the future, and
now for my mission of love."

It was not a pleasant expression that
rested now upon Althea Gardiner's face.
It was cynical, sneering smile, which part-
ed her lips till the white teeth glittered in a
double row between; and a shade, bitter
and revengeful, that momentarily swept the
rose-tint from her cheeks. Only for a mo-
ment, though, and then she was the placid
woman of the world again, with the calm,
earnest light shining in her large, gray eyes,
which had always redeemed her from the
charge of frivolity, notwithstanding her
long belledom and her attachment to the
rounds of fashionable life.

She rested on a sofa of pale-blue satin,
embroidered with flowers of gold, and with
a single sweeping glance embraced the ele-
gant details of the luxurious apartments.
The tiny cottage with its entire furnishings,
rich and dainty though they were, held no-
thing that could compare with these spa-
cious rooms.

Mr. Granville made his appearance almost
immediately. The footman had not failed to
impart the fact of Justine's return, and
down in the servants' department already
the case was being discussed in all its avail-
able bearings.

Mr. Granville had paused one moment
debating whether or he would take steps
for securing his headquarters in her own
room, away from the chance of her making
revelations to any member of the household;
but a glance at the bit of pasteboard in his
hand decided him.

He bowed lowly before the lady, with
the courteous words of welcome he would
have accorded to any transient caller.

"It is a long time since you and I clasped
hands," Miss Gardiner said, extending
her own, unglowed and fair as a lily-bell.

"Eighteen years," he replied. "I can
scarcely believe it, looking in your face."

She smiled complacently at the subtle
flattery his words conveyed.

"The cause we espoused together once
redounded more to your benefit than to
mine. You have not forgotten it?"

"No!" his face darkening. "We were
both worsted."

"You?" she asked, half wonderingly. "I
thought you had reason to be amply satis-
fied."

"With the immediate result—yes. For
the rest, no matter. May I ask where you
chanced to pick up Justine Clare?"

"The form of your question is scarcely
apropos. She broke in upon me, barely es-
caping the fangs of the bloodhound you
caused to be set upon her."

"You interest me," he said, with that
quiet concentration, which was in itself a
threat and a warning. "Pray, proceed."
The recital would prove imperfect from
me; and your man will be ready with his
version when you can give him audience.
What do you mean to do with the girl,
Austin?"

A steely gleam shot from his eyes. He
looked at her inquiringly.

"I mean, do you intend to impose the
face of her pretended derangement upon
the public?—that is, if you can? She is
shrewd enough to throw serious difficulties
in your way."

He bowed silently. Miss Gardiner broke
into a musical laugh.

"You are too cautious by half, Mr. Gran-
ville. Why don't you ask my motive in
coming to you?"

"I await the revelation."

"I want to league with you in putting
that girl out of the way. It is your only
chance; she knows too much and is too
quick-witted to be imposed upon long by
any conciliatory course you may propose."

"Your object?" he demanded, interroga-
tively.

"Do you need to ask me that, Mr. Gran-
ville? It is to consummate the revenge I
have nurtured in my heart for eighteen
long years. It is to repay the humiliation
which was heaped upon me then, with the
keenest agony human tact can conjure into
effect and human will deliver. It is to blot
out the remembrance of that burning shame
which turned all the love I ever had for
Gerald Fonteney to bitter, galling hate—
hate that has underlain every act of my
life, and had a share in all my thoughts for
eighteen years. I meditated a revenge very
different from this, but it is out of my pow-
er now to ever accomplish it."

Mottled spots staining through her deli-
cate skin, and her lips turned white with
the heat of passion, betrayed that a rancor
was in her heart that could sway her so af-
ter this lapse of time, which to many na-
tures would have brought either indiffer-
ence or forgetfulness.

"You know why I plotted with you
then, Austin; but perhaps you never knew
how complete was my humiliation. Justine
Cameron wedded Arthur Clare as we
planned she should; and I, confident of my
own powers as I had every reason to be,
found them fall short of the one aim I
would have sacrificed every other object in
life to have attained."

"I was mad with love, and had been
taught to believe that I might win whom I
would. I thought that Fonteney's faith in
womanhood was so embittered that he
dared not trust himself to court relief in
another love. I thought it only remained
to convince him that I—worshipping him
with every fiber of my soul—would willingly
give every other hope of earth, every
dream of heaven, for permission to banish
the remembrance of his false love—as he
thought her—by evidences of mine, true,
and fond, and lasting."

"You know we traveled, my father and
I, after Justine's marriage. I managed our
route so that we kept Fonteney always in
view, and encountered him more than once
by the way. At last, one time, when my
brain was on fire and my heart aching to
his core, I forgot myself so far as to let my
tongue give utterance to the passion which
was consuming me. I went down on my
knees to him and begged for his love as few
men ever plead to the woman who is dearer
than their soul's salvation. That mad folly
of mine has cursed me from that day to
this."

His words cut like strokes from a burn-
ing blade.

"I thought I had penetrated the depths
to which a woman could demean herself,
when one of your sex proved basely in-
triguing, utterly false; but it remained for
this moment to reveal to me the contempt
which a woman earns when she forgets her
womanhood as you have done."

"Had I held a weapon then, those taunt-
ing words would have been his last. They
turned the blood that was coursing like
molten fire through my veins to an icy
chill, and they changed my love to hate."

She had risen and was pacing the room
with a motion gliding and swift. It was
like a leopardess enraged, so full of lithe
action and concentrated nerve. She stop-
ped with her hands clasped together over
the back of a high carved chair, as she con-
tinued, less excitedly:

"I told you I had contemplated a different
revenge. It was this. I meant, if I de-
voted all my life, to make him love me yet
as I once loved him. I meant to win him
hand and soul; then, when we should be
man and wife, I would have wrung his
heart with agony as intense as he had
meted out to me."

"I had a foretaste of revenge when Ar-
thur Clare's wife was dying. I told her a
part of the truth, and let her vindicate her-
self to the lover who had believed her false.
I have never let the purpose of dealing him
a deeper blow die out of my mind night or
day from that time to this."

"That is why I have come to you. Will
you be as candid as I have been? or don't
you dare lift the curtain of your thoughts
to so faithful an auxiliary as I can prove?
Never mind! I know enough for my pur-
pose, and yours does not concern me.
What do you say to my proposition, Aus-
tin?"

"Accept it gratefully, when convinced it
will serve me best to do so. I don't clearly
see what you wish yet."

"Then I will tell you in words so plain
that you can't mistake them."

"I want Gerald Fonteney to receive the
utmost penalty the law can inflict for the
crime with which he is charged. You and
I, Mr. Granville, may entertain our own
theories regarding the real perpetrator of it.
I have as much faith as Justine Clare of
Fonteney's innocence, but I want him sen-
tenced and I want him to believe that it is
through her he is convicted!"

"Do you understand the case? The evi-
dence against him is wholly circumstantial
and not sufficient to convict him. Justine,
less worldly-wise than you, did not seem to
fear his coming to harm. If she told you
all, you must see that he will be acquitted,
if he lives to be brought to trial."

"Don't think of the alternative you hint
at!" cried Miss Gardiner with a dangerous
flash of her gray eyes. "Justine did tell
me everything, and I have drawn my own
inferences. She believes no injury can
touch him because she believes him inno-

cent; not from understanding enough of
law to know the lack of conclusive evi-
dence."

"But that she, in her ignorance, has sup-
plied. She has managed to furnish him
with implements for breaking jail."

An exultant expression swept swiftly
over Mr. Granville's face.

"If he attempts it he is self-convicted,"
said he. "It would be a tacit admission of
guilt which no jury could overlook."

"So I thought. And the remainder of
my desire will not be impossible of accom-
plishment. Now, what do you propose do-
ing with her?"

"Have her divorced, which will be easy
enough, and afterward marry her myself."

"Which you will find not so easy, Mr.
Granville. I have seen enough of the girl
to know that she will die before she will
submit; and you might sooner hope to
move a mountain than to shake her faith in
Gerald Fonteney. You will waste your
time to no purpose by attempting to carry
out your design."

He looked at her curiously.

"I think you must have gone over the
ground already in your own mind. What
do you suggest?"

"Carry out the measure which she half-
expects of you. Shut her up in a lunatic
asylum. Do the business all methodically,
get a regular physician to certify to her in-
sanity, and have her installed in the most
extensive public institution of the kind you
can gain access to. You'll find it less dan-
gerous than endeavoring to hide her away
in a private madhouse, such as I imagine
from her descriptions was the place where
you had her conveyed, though she did not
suspect the fact. A house of that nature
is very apt to draw suspicion down upon
itself."

"Your plan is worthy of consideration,"
said he.

"Do you know a physician who can be
hoodwinked easily, or one with discrimina-
tion enough to trust?"

"Such a man can be found, I dare say."

"I happen to know one, if you will try
him on my recommendation. May I hint
that it will be advisable to extend me a
formal invitation to remain here for a time?
I promised Justine to mediate between you
two, and she has confidence in me."

"I should have urged your presence with-
out such a reminder. Shall I send a ser-
vant for such luggage as you may require,
and install you at once as my guest?"

"If you please. Can you arrange it that
I may occupy apartments very near to Jus-
tine?"

"I will give orders to have a suite pre-
pared for you opening directly out of hers."

The conference merged into the discus-
sion of minute details bearing upon their
plans. They were interrupted by Justine's
entrance.

In lieu of her own waterproof, torn into
shreds by the angry hound, she had bor-
rowed a voluminous cloak of Miss Gardiner
in which she had wrapped herself during
her transit from the cottage to The Terrace.
She had changed her dress since, and ap-
peared now in one of the richest costumes
her wardrobe—necessarily limited by her
small allowance—afforded.

A skirt of heavy amber silk with trailing
lengths that imparted a dignity of its own
to the lithe little figure, trimmed with
flounces of costly thread-lace. She wore a
lace jacket and bands of heavy barbaric
gold upon her arms.

Miss Gardiner greeted her with an assur-
ing smile, but Justine was quite prepared to
assert her own terms. She walked straight
up to Mr. Granville.

"I have come back," she said.

"So I perceive. I have been very anxious
about you, Justine."

He held out his hand, but Justine crossed
hers behind her back defiantly.

"I am not a hypocrite, Mr. Granville,
and I will give my hand only to such as I
believe are friends. Has Miss Gardiner
told you the conditions on which I am
willing to remain at The Terrace?"

"Miss Gardiner has agreed that the con-
ditions which I impose are quite justifi-
able," returned Mr. Granville, sternly. "I
am willing to re-establish you here in the
relation you held before your departure,
but you must promise to yield me implicit
obedience during the remaining term of my
guardianship over you. Above every thing
else, I shall insist that you hold no com-
munication of any sort with the unprin-
ciple villain you into a clandestine marriage
with him."

"If you dare throw a shadow of reproach
upon my husband—" began Justine, angri-
ly; but Miss Gardiner glided to her side,
and dropping an arm about her waist,
checked her indignant speech.

"Would it not be better, Mr. Granville,
to let me repeat to Justine the assurances
you have already given me? My dear
child, I have accepted your guardian's in-
vitation to remain here with you for a
short time. Will you take me to your
room until the apartment he has kindly or-
dered prepared for me is ready for my oc-
cupancy?"

So skillfully did Miss Gardiner manipu-
late her delicate task, that Justine met her
guardian later in the evening with less dis-
trust of him than she had come armed with,
and voluntarily promised to yield obedience
to all reasonable commands imposed upon her.

No allusion of any kind was made to
Gerald during this interview, and the re-
quired point was by no means conceded by
the heart that beat so loyally in him.

That night Justine had a strangely vivid
dream. She thought she was standing with
Gerald before the aged minister who had
united them, their hands clasped and their
heads bowed to receive the blessing he had
given them on that strange marriage-day.
Suddenly, the trembling, aged hands that
had been stretched above them descended,
tearing asunder their clasping palms, and
violently wrenching from her finger the ring
which Gerald had placed there, while the
mild face was instantly transformed to a
semblance of Miss Gardiner's fair features,
but so distorted by rage and malice that it
seemed like the face of one of Dore's de-
mons.

Justine awoke in the midst of the dark-
ness to find herself quivering with excite-
ment, with a startled impression that a hand
was hastily removed from hers, and that a
presence glided from her side at the instant
of her awaking.

The next moment she sprang from her
bed with a frightened cry.

The open ring was gone from her finger.

She flew to her door to find it locked on
the inner side as she had left it. A dress-
ing-room and bath-room opened from hers,
and from the latter a closet communicated

with the suite which Miss Gardiner occu-
pied.

The closet was locked, and one of the
maids told her next day that the key had
been lost a week before.

And Justine, with a shivering dread over
her loss, searched with a feverish eagerness
and such minute inspection every corner
where it might possibly be concealed—
watching and hunting the whole house
through—until the servants began to shake
their heads and whisper among themselves
that the story of her madness was true
enough.

But with all her searching she did not
find her precious ring.

CHAPTER XXI.

JUSTINE MAKES A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

MR. GRANVILLE was dressed for riding on
the morning succeeding Justine's return,
when a servant came to announce that a
man was waiting below urgently soliciting
an immediate audience.

The man proved to be Wert, and the news
he brought made the master of The Terrace
reel upon his feet while his face became
livid.

"Escaped!" he repeated after the man.
"Have you turned traitor? How could he
escape if you were true to your charge?"

Wert's face lowered darkly.

"If there's any blame it's yours," he
growled, scowling. "Look ye, Mr. Gran-
ville; I've not done a dog's work for you,
year in and year out, to have the fault you
ought to bear cast on my shoulders. What's
traitor in a poor man isn't always trust-
worthy agent in a rich one."

A gleam of concentrated rage flashed into
Mr. Granville's eyes, and with a sudden
steeling of the cords in his wrist and swift
movement of his arm, he drew the flexible
whip he carried in a stinging cut across
Wert's face. It was the first rash act of
impulse he had committed for years, and
for a second he cowered before the demon
he had raised.

With one movement of his hand Wert
wrenched away the whip. His face was death-
ly pale except where that mark of the lash
stood up in a red welt; his eyes were car-
vans of burning flame, and his voice was full
of sibilant malignity.

"As surely as I live you'll repent that
blow, Austin Granville!"

For a second the two men glared at each
other; then as the one regained the power of
mastery at once ver himself and the meager
spirit, the latter dropped into his menial
servility again.

"I'll forgive that threat, Wert; I was
overhasty. You're not been faithful so long
to turn against me now for any considera-
tion. Tell me how it happened."

Wert told him how, on returning home
on the preceding evening, as it neared dusk,
he had found his own door locked against
him, and no answer came to his repeated
summons for admission. At last he had
scaled the high picket-fence, not without
difficulty and an ugly wound in the hand
from one of the spikes, and entered by the
back way. He found his wife gagged, blind-
folded and bound, the prisoner escaped.
The woman had not seen her captor, so
could give no description of him; he had
dropped no word which could betray his
identity, or the manner in which he had
gained his apparent accurate knowledge of
the house.

Wert had been out with the hound, but
had not been able to follow any track. He
had been up all the night and had given out
that a dangerous patient had escaped. He
could do nothing more until he learned the
will of his employer.

Mr. Granville dropped his head upon his
breast, and stood with folded arms.

"What enemy is working against me?" he
asked himself, silently. "Fonteney in pris-
on, Lambert an idiot, and the woman I
might have suspected but for the revelations
of the past twenty-four hours, leagued se-
cretly with me. Justine can have no hand
in it or Miss Gardiner would have been
aware of the fact, and, moreover, she would
not have returned here in that case."

He lifted his eyes to see that Wert was
rather impatiently awaiting his pleasure.

"How did the girl get away?" he asked.

"Have you ever ascertained?"

"No. I saw my wife lock the door with
my own eyes, and the hound was loose as
usual at that night. The windows were
not nailed fast, but there is twenty feet of
blank wall between them and the ground."

"Yet it is evident that she must have had
help from within."

"Yes. Did Simpson tell you where we
found her?"

"In Danver wood, and that you ran
across a couple of stragglers first, with
whom she seemed to have been hiding."

"They were Gipsies. The man, a young
fellow, shot at the dog, and I felled him
with my fist as I passed. It might have
saved trouble if I'd made surer work of
him."

"Do you suppose that he had a hand in
this business? Anyway, the girl was hiding
with the Gipsies all along."

"I know that," returned Mr. Granville,
recalling Miss Gardiner's information to
that effect.

In Justine's hurried relation to the latter,
she had necessarily abridged the details,
dwelling most minutely upon the past acts
of her guardian and his avowed intentions
regarding her, rather than upon her own
avoidance of them. A delicate sense of
honor had influenced her to eschew all
mention of the parts taken both by Wert's
wife and Art Lyon in effecting her escape.

"And the tribe moved that very morn-
ing."

"Leaving the boy and an old hag whom
I scarcely looked at, behind them—to keep
the girl in sight no doubt. It's my opinion
they meant to make something handsome
by getting her in hand."

"In that case would they not have brought
her here and claimed the reward?"

"I don't pretend to see through a stone
wall, Mr. Granville, any more'n you do;
but I think the fact of other's disappearance
shows that some one's at work who has
gone below the surface of your affairs."

"Tell me what you think. I am lost in a
maze of bewilderment. This is an exigency
I never thought to meet, Wert."

"It's took you by surprise, and I've been
thinking hard over it for fifteen hours,"
said Wert. "It's for you to say if there's
any one else you have grounds to suspect."

"No one!"

"I took pains to find out that neither the
old hag nor the Gipsy boy is anywhere in
the wood now. Of course they've followed
up after their tribe; and if my guess is
right, Arthur Clare is with them. It'll be
easy enough to find the trail of the main

party; the others are sure to join 'em before
long. I'll follow them up and get our
prisoner back again if he's with them."

"You can go," said Mr. Granville. "I
can see nothing better to be done, though I
am not sanguine as to the result. It seems
improbable that a pack of wandering vag-
rants should know any thing regarding
either me or Arthur Clare. Go, though;
and make what haste you can."

After Wert had gone, the master of The
Terrace rung a sharp peal, and desired Jus-
tine to be sent to him.

She came in her crimson morning wrap-
per, with a face that for her was strangely
pallid and listless. The loss of her ring
clung to her like an ill-presentation, which
robbed her for the time of her usual ani-
mation, left her no less determined in her
loyalty to the giver, and enmity to all who
were enemies of his.

Mr. Granville met her with a grave bow.
If he observed her pallor he made no re-
mark upon it.

"Our interview yesterday was scarcely
satisfactory, Justine," he said. "It is un-
derstood that discord is buried between us,
but there are still some points which I must
require explained. The first is—who help-
ed you in your escape from Wert's house
that night?"

"I believe it is a principle of honor not
to betray a friend, Mr. Granville. You
have assumed that I had help; you may go
further and prove it if you can, but it must
be done with no assistance from me."

It was impossible for these two, having
once engaged in active enmity, to sustain a
simulated friendly relation now.

"I should be sorry to revert to extreme
measures," he said, quietly, "to obtain



through her white hands, but she was not working. She half-rose as Mr. Granville entered, but he waved her back into her seat with an imperative gesture.

"Never mind ceremony, Alethea. I am in haste."

Her lashes fluttered down upon her cheeks at that familiar address, but it was only the force of old habit as she knew.

"I am called suddenly away and may be gone for some days. I wish you to keep the closest watch of Justice during my absence, and be particularly watchful of one outside of the household."

"But I have already written a letter to Doctor Bruce and dispatched it this morning. He is the physician I recommended, and he will be here in two days at furthest. Shall I deliver him from an opportunity of judging to what extent this poor girl is laboring under mental aberration, and if it may not be best to remove her immediately to the asylum? Shall I tell him her malady is hereditary, and consequently incurable?"

"You have taken prompt measures; I had almost forgotten that part of our programme. Is the man to be trusted?"

"Only by the one who pays him most liberally, but I will answer that he keeps faith with us."

"Make your own terms with him. I trust every thing to your judgment." He turned toward the door, hesitated and came back again.

"I may as well confide in you fully. Arthur Clare has managed to make his escape, and I was so incensed as to let Justice become aware of it. Whoever connived at his escape may attempt to reach her, too."

"I will be very watchful," rejoined the lady. "It will be best to confide in me fully, Austin. If we work together it must be with entire trust in each other. Is there any thing more?"

"Only what your own reason may suggest."

He left the house ignorant that that parting interview had betrayed him.

While bathing that morning, Justice had seen something glitter in a crevice behind the marble tank. It proved to be the missing key to the closet which opened from this bath-room into the suite occupied by Miss Gardiner.

After her guardian left her she went immediately to her own apartments. Her dream of the preceding night had left an unpleasant impression, a lingering resentment, which her frank, generous nature was unwilling to indulge. She was grateful for Miss Gardiner's mediation, but unconsciously suspicious of it.

Now her gratitude persuaded her to a step which her inclination scarcely prompted. She was going to relate to the lady the facts narrated, and to solicit her aid in future action.

She was going in unannounced by the closet entrance when she heard her guardian's voice in the room beyond.

Every word uttered was plainly distinct, and Justice then discovered what a precipice of deceit had yawned before her.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 123.)

Pearl of Pearls: OR, CLOUDS AND SUNBEAMS.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "WOODWIND," "HERCULES, THE
MUNCHBACK," "FLAMING TALISMAN," "BLACK
CRESCENT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHY DO THEY WANT PERCY WOLFE?
WE have said that Percy Wolfe's sleep was an unlucky one.

It was broad daylight when he awoke—any thing but early—when, with a jerk and a spring, he started from the lounge, and stood rubbing his unrested eyes.

Such a sleep as his had been was worse than none at all; for he was tired, lazy-like, weak, and suffering with a dull pain in the head, which, now and then, almost made him cross-eyed, and strained the nerves of the tasked orbs, until they seemed ready to break.

Yawning and sour-looking, he made a careless toilet, though while engaged at it, he was thinking none the less of the mysterious occupant of the adjoining room, her significant utterances, his resolution to see her and ascertain exactly who she meant when she made use of the name that was just then implicated in the perplexities of his own bewildered mind.

He felt that he was about to tread upon the most delicate limits to propriety, perhaps would meet with a reception which the seeming impudence of his action would merit, but, under the circumstances, he did not hesitate.

He was resolved upon sifting the matter which troubled him, was determined to look after the interests of Pearl Rochestine—the child of his beloved friend who, he shuddered to believe, had long ago been a subject for dissection in some medical institute in London; and, to carry out his resolution, he deemed it necessary to find out whether the party in the next room, in her allusions to "Pearl," meant Pearl Rochestine, and, if so, why Pearl should be an object of pity.

He made a hasty meal at the breakfast table, and returned to his apartment. Then he pulled the bell-rope, and began walking, uneasily, to and fro.

"Come in," he answered to the knock of the servant who attended his summons.

And he added:
"Will you take my card to the lady who occupies the first room to the left of this, on the same side? Tell her I desire an interview. Tell her it is very important. Tell her that much depends on her granting it. There—hurry!"

He handed his card to the man.
But the servant stood still and looked at him.

"Well, what are you staring at? Hurry, I say!"

"Dar ain't nobody in dar, boss."

"What?"

"Nobody dar?"

"Nobody there! What do you mean?" beginning to grow excited.

"De young lady's done left."

"Left? Gone? You—"

"Yes, sar; left ten minnits ago—while you's at breakfast, I thinks."

Wolfe groaned. The sensation that seized upon him at this announcement is impossible to describe.

For a second he gazed blankly into the ebon countenance before him; then he wheeled around, and strode up and down, while the astonished looker-on wondered what ailed him.

"Waiter!—you may go—stop: tell them

to make out my bill at the office. I'll be down to pay it in five minutes."

"Yes, sar," slightly partaking of the other's excitement.

"Stop: order me a cab—" grasping him by the arm.

"Yes, sar!" while his short wool actually seemed to untwist and straighten, and the whites of his eyes expanded.

"Stop: then come back and carry down my trunk—"

"Fly, sar!"

"Yes, sar—I flies!"

The waiter vanished.

Wolfe hastened to pack his trunk, throwing boots, boot-jack, comb and brush, dressing-gown, blacking-box—all these into a confused mass, careless of consequences, meanwhile running his nervous fingers through his hair till each fiber stood distinctly on end.

When the waiter returned, the trunk was ready. Wolfe preceded him, paid his bill at the office, and rushed out to the waiting cab.

To the driver's surprise, he was ordered up-town, instead of to the depot.

Paying the servant who had assisted him, he was soon speeding toward the residence of Mrs. Rochestine.

To his utter astonishment, he found the house closed. Every thing about it looked gloomy and deserted.

In vain he pulled the bell, glanced up at the windows, up and down the street, descended the steps, ransacked them, rung the bell again—no use; that it was unoccupied he was forced, at last, to realize.

And the driver of the cab, easily perceiving his excitement, was half inclined to consider him a lunatic.

It had been Wolfe's intention to first see Isabel Rochestine, and ascertain the whereabouts of Claude Paine. This settled so that he could find the man, he would next go to see Pearl.

Mrs. Rochestine had told him that Pearl was at Ingleside. He knew the place well—both by letters he had received from friends in America, and by having heard Horace Rochestine mention it as the very place he would have liked to send his child, had he but thought of it before engaging a governess.

Wanting to know if the words uttered by the party who occupied the room next to him at the hotel involved Pearl Rochestine, he would go to Ingleside, and, if his object of interest was identical, he would, perhaps, see her there—for he had heard her say she would see Pearl once more—and might have additional reason for facing Claude Paine, to demand an explanation of the latter's behavior.

But Mrs. Rochestine had disappeared. Claude Paine's directions could not be learned. The quandary was rather overwhelming. There was but one course remaining:

To Ingleside!

He re-entered the vehicle, and ordered the driver straight to the depot, bidding him "go like mad," for he hoped he might catch the noon train.

When he glanced at his watch, though, he gave up this hope.

He did not, however, desire the man to slacken his speed. The sudden disappearance of Isabel Rochestine furnished fresh food for troublesome wonderment, and greatly increased his nervousness. The rattling of the windows, rumble of the wheels, and swaying, jolting motion of the cab, as the horses were urged on at a swift pace, rather enlivened his condition.

Let us state here that the occupant of the room adjoining Percy Wolfe's, at the hotel, was no other than Pearl's governess, Miss Byrne.

When she left Mrs. Rochestine's house, she scarce knew where to go for the night, and accepted the first thing which suggested to her mind—to take a room at the National, and go over to Ingleside on the morrow.

She had purchased a ticket for Baltimore on the 12:45 train, and when Percy Wolfe reached the depot that train had gone.

He must then wait until three o'clock. And while Wolfe had been riding toward the house of Isabel Rochestine, two men were overhauling the "Book of Arrivals" on the National Hotel counter.

They were sober-looking, muscularly-built, heavily-whiskered men, with keen eyes, observant glance, and business-like appearance. One was short, the other was tall; both were busy reading the names in the list.

"Told you so!" exclaimed one, presently, in a guarded tone.

"Right?"

"Here he is. He might have made better use of his week's rest of us."

"Percy Wolfe," read off the taller of the two from the page.

"Shall we come down on him?"

"Right away!"

The short individual turned to the clerk.

"Will you please have us shown up to No. —?"

The clerk stared a moment.

"There's nobody up there, sir. He's just this minute left, trunks and all."

The two exchanged disappointed glances.

"Perhaps he's gone for the 12:45 train—there's twenty minutes yet to catch it, if it's important, and you know him when you see him!"

"No 'e didn't," said the waiter, who had assisted Percy, who happened, just then, to be near the counter, "I hear 'im tell the driver to go to No. —, — street, n. w."

Another interchange of looks between the two men. And, evidently, they were accustomed to act upon the mere expression of the eye, for they wheeled simultaneously and hurried out.

Each hailed a cab. The tall man gave his driver the directions he had received from the hotel waiter, and was whirled off. The short man ordered "to the depot," and offered a five dollar bill if he could catch the 12:45 train.

But they missed their game.

And, within half an hour, Percy Wolfe was walking the platform, puffing vigorously at his meerschaum, striving to calm himself, and utterly unconscious of the fact, that two men were following his trail for a mysterious purpose.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FIRST SCENE OF DANGER.

WHEN the cars wound out around the broad curve, and the locomotive sounded its loud, hoarse, shrieking whistle, Pearl felt as if she had, indeed, been torn away from every thing dear which the earth contained for her.

The child had mastered her emotion so far as to conceal it from those around her—

it would not do to cry, when so many pairs of strange eyes were fixed upon her; but the woe, the agony in her heart, was only redoubled by this fearful strain; for when the nature is crushed by sorrow, tears are the dewy liquid that balm the aching wound.

It cost a superhuman effort; but the heavenly blue eyes were clear, and the face, though pale, was even more angelic in its mild, sweet outline of appearance.

Cassa was silent as she. The negress sat next the window, gazing out at the open scene now fast vanishing under the mantle of night; and Pearl was busy trying to read the half-averted, stoic face, and wondering who its owner was.

Cassa had made good use of the funds given her by Claude Paine. She was plainly but substantially dressed, and looked very nice and clean.

When the conductor came along, the tickets passed through Pearl's hands to him.

As she handed them back to Cassa, she gazed at the latter in surprise.

"What's de matter?" demanded Cassa, bluntly, putting the tickets in her pocket.

"Why, those tickets are for New York! I thought we were going to Baltimore?"

"So we is."

"Then what do we want tickets to New York for?"

"Dunno. Guess he done made mistake." The young girl thought it strange that Mr. Paine should make such a very great mistake, and she began questioning herself mentally.

"Open de pocket-book," said Cassa, presently.

Thus reminded of what Paine had given her at the depot, Pearl drew forth the portemonnaie and opened it.

It was filled with greenbacks.

The eyes of the negress glistened as she beheld the contents.

Here's the roll marked with an "X" said Pearl, extracting a portion.

"Dat's mine!—gimme," exclaimed Cassa, snatching it quickly.

What remained was counted over, and found to amount to fifty dollars, with a few one-dollar bills for convenient change.

"Better lemme keep it," advised Cassa.

"You?"

"Yes. Keep it safe for you, honey."

"Why, don't you suppose I know how to take care of money? I shan't do any thing of the kind," she added, as she restored the portemonnaie to her pocket.

"I don't know you, except that Mr. Paine said you would take me to Ingleside. And if we are going out there in the morning, I guess no one will rob me between now and then."

Cassa said no more. The whole of the remaining journey was gone over in silence.

As Paine had promised himself, Pearl went to sleep ere they reached Baltimore. But, it was only because of the gloom which enshrouded her, aided by the unseemly presence of her companion, that she did so.

Paine's idea, however, that Cassa would go straight through to New York—as he had bidden Derrick instruct her—was a wrong one.

When they arrived at the Camden station, she roused her charge, and the two left the cars with other Baltimore passengers.

Where are we going for to-night?" asked Pearl, as they hurried along the platform toward the entrance.

But Cassa evaded the question, by uttering an unintelligible something, and Pearl did not repeat her inquiry.

They proceeded a long distance after leaving the depot: were entering the lower sections of South Baltimore.

Pearl saw no signs of a hotel—nothing but an occasional grog-shop, a dim street light, rickety-looking buildings; and, at last, they were moving in an atmosphere whose odor suggested filth and disease.

"Where are we going?" she demanded, beginning to feel uneasy as well as tired.

"Be dar presenly," replied Cassa.

She turned into a dark, narrow, treacherously-paved alley as she spoke, while Pearl kept close beside her, as if the surroundings had already wrought a fear within her, when the protection of her unsociable, blunt-spoken companion was better than none at all.

Half a square further. Something was pulling at her heart-strings. She did not like Cassa's brief, unsatisfactory speeches; and even her limited knowledge of a community told her that there could be no fit place in this deserted, nauseous-aided vicinity for a young girl to stop over night.

Suddenly, Cassa halted before what was, certainly, the best house in the row—a two-story brick; though even this was dingy and uninviting to the exterior.

In answer to Cassa's summons, the door was opened by a negress of about her own age, and the two spoke simultaneously.

"Sis Chlo!"

"Cassa!—dat you? De Lor' bless my soul! Come in!"

Cassa took hold of Pearl's hand, and the child—astonished, awed, wondering—permitted herself to be led in.

It was a small room, scantily furnished, carpetless, with smeared walls, and a dilapidated stove in one corner, whose pipe had more joints than a snake's back.

"Who dat?" asked Chlo.

"Sh!" Cassa made a significant motion; and the other female turned to gaze on Pearl, with rolling eyes.

The young girl scarce knew why, but a sudden realization of something wrong burst upon her, an inward monitor awoke a preying terror in her bosom.

For one second she looked at them; then, with her heart in her throat, she turned to flee.

Both the women tried to intercept her. But she was too quick. At one wrench, her small hands tore open the door, and she darted out.

With an angry cry, Cassa sprang forward in pursuit. She saw the small figure only a short distance ahead of her, flying at its utmost speed; but she smiled grimly as she saw, also, that she could overtake it in a few seconds.

At the corner was a liquor den. As the negress dashed up, a number of men came out of this.

"Hello, here, you hag! What are you chasing that girl for?" cried one, grasping her by the arm.

"Le' go me!" she snarled.

Quick as a flash, she dealt him a blow between the eyes, and he reeled backward. Ere the others could act, she was gone round the corner, whither she had seen the child turn.

But Pearl had escaped her pursuer. Gliding into an alley on the opposite side of the street, she turned again into another

that crossed it, running with unabated speed—turning finally, when she came out on another of the principal streets—and on, still on.

She looked around her, in vain, for a policeman. She had not met a single soul during her flight. Then she looked back, to see if Cassa was near, and a sigh of relief and joy escaped her lips, as she thought she had escaped the negress.

A ringing bell attracted her. A car of the Blue Line was coming toward her, and she resolved to enter it. But it was a full square off, and she yet felt herself in danger.

Running across the street, she waited, in the deep shadow of a high stone step; and when the car came up, she got into it.

After she had ridden a long way, she breathed freer, for she knew she must be safe.

She asked herself what she should do. And a long time passed, as she sat there in one corner, after paying her fare, trying to decide upon a course.

"I'll go to some hotel," she resolved, at length; "and I'll go back to mamma tomorrow. I'm sure there's something wrong—that colored woman isn't what she seems to be. I'm sure I've escaped from some thing awful."

She stopped the car, and got out.

But the locality in which she should have been a good distance north of Baltimore street, and was almost as deserted as that from which she had come; though some of the houses were very imposing, and she knew it was a respectable neighborhood.

"Why didn't I ask the man on the car to direct me?" she exclaimed, as she stood, irresolute, on one of the corners.

She was utterly at a loss what to do.

And even as she gave vent to the words, a hand fell upon her shoulder.

"What does it mean?"

"I will see if I can."

Paine went out into the hall.

Dorsey Derrick was standing near the balustrade.

"Keep further off, man!" he exclaimed, going up to him. "Confound it! she suspects that we are dogged by somebody. Don't come so close."

"All right," said Derrick. "I won't."

Paine re-entered the apartment.

"I saw no one, Isabel. Ah! here's the servant, to show you to your room. Your trunks will be sent up, if you wish—"

"Oh, it is hardly necessary, if we are to start away again to-night. I will dine in my room—with you."

"With me," he repeated, acquiescingly; and added, as she followed the waiter: "Try and get a little nap before dinner. You need it."

When she had gone, Paine sought out Derrick, and the two, lighting cigars, walked down Baltimore street, to converse upon the situation of their affairs.

As they were about to enter Bernard's wine-store, for a sociable drink, Paine suddenly felt some one plucking at his sleeve.

He turned to encounter—the black face of Cassa, the negress, and at sight of her, could not suppress an exclamation of astonishment.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 125.)

"scene," had not Isabel, forced to it by her already overstrained nerves, abruptly left them, after once more wishing them a prosperous future.

Claude Paine was promptly on hand at the appointed hour. By 6:50 A. M. the lovers were in the cars, steaming over the road.

But, to Isabel's surprise, they did not alight for a change at the Relay House.

And, in answer to her inquiry, he said: "I have concluded to take the 8:50 P. M. train for St. Louis, from Baltimore. It will prove the quickest plan, in the end."

"And I have had all my hurry and flurry, then, for nothing! That's unkind, Claude!"

"Perhaps I can atone, in some way."

But she did not dream that his only object in hurrying her away from Washington at that unseasonable hour was to escape Percy Wolfe, the man he feared and hated as the friend of Horace Rochestine.

When they reached Baltimore, they took the coach for Barnum's.

While Paine went to register, and secure two rooms, and Isabel waited in the reception-room, she noticed a man pass the door, look in at her, then re-pass, looking in again.

When Paine returned, she said to him: "Claude, what have you done, that we should be watched?"

"Watched?"

"Yes. We have been under surveillance ever since leaving Washington."

"Impossible!"

"No, it is true. I am sure of it. There was a man had his eyes on us at the depot; in the cars he sat near us, and now and then would glance at us slyly; and, not five minutes ago, he passed that door twice, looking in both times, as if to be sure I was here. What does it mean?"

"I will see if I can."

Paine went out into the hall.

Dorsey Derrick was standing near the balustrade.

"Keep further off, man!" he exclaimed, going up to him. "Confound it! she suspects that we are dogged by somebody. Don't come so close."

"All right," said Derrick. "I won't."

Paine re-entered the apartment.

"I saw no one, Isabel. Ah! here's the servant, to show you to your room. Your trunks will be sent up, if you wish—"

"Oh, it is hardly necessary, if we are to start away again to-night. I will dine in my room—with you."

"With me," he repeated, acquiescingly; and added, as she followed the waiter: "Try and get a little nap before dinner. You need it."

When she had gone, Paine sought out Derrick, and the two, lighting cigars, walked down Baltimore street, to converse upon the situation of their affairs.

She is getting old, and Black Eagle is young and strong. Let him take the White Flower to his lodge, and become the son of Sheshequin.

She was about to sit down and give place to another speaker, when a slight commotion was observable in one of the groups composing the outer circle. The next moment a small active figure darted over the heads of the chiefs in council, and halted at the very door of the medicine-lodge, which formed part of the sacred circle within. As the stranger darted across the outer ground, a crowd of squaws and boys leaped up, yelling, in pursuit, but the instant that he had reached the medicine-lodge, and laid his hand on the pole that stood in front, a dead and unbroken silence prevailed.

The chiefs in the inner circle never relaxed a moment from their solemn dignity of appearance during the brief racket. They merely turned their eyes now on the newcomer, with grave and inquiring glances, but no one spoke. The stranger was a short, wiry, dark-haired man, with intensely black eyes, his face darkened by three weeks' growth of black beard. He wore the grayish dun hunting-shirt—once snow-white deerskin—that distinguished Morgan's rifle-corps, and carried in his hand a short, brown double-barreled rifle, the butt grounded, while its owner leant carelessly upon the muzzle.

The first person to break the silence was the stranger, none other than Double-Death, the scout, himself. He addressed himself in English to Queen Esther, or Sheshequin, saying:

"Bedad, yer ladyship, I'm happy to see ye in such good company, and, av it's not displazin' to ye, I've come to pay ye a call, to see yerself and Miss Neilson there."

The Indian queen discovered no surprise. She knew that as long as Tim Murphy maintained his position by the lodge, the superstitions of the Indians would keep him safe. Her own enlightened mind would not have scrupled to remove him at once, but the power of superstition forbade the idea, while the bold borderer was under the shadow of the medicine-lodge, which he had gained so adroitly. She asked, in a cold tone:

"What would you, bold stranger? The ears of Sheshequin are open."

Tim looked round the circle for a moment, and took in the glances of distrust and suspicion with which he was regarded. He perceived that he was known by all, for, indeed, his person was one that every Indian had heard of through all the frontier. He addressed himself to Black Eagle, to find if his conjecture was true.

"The chief is a great warrior," said Tim, in the Indian language. "Does he know who has entered his camp to-night?"

"Black Eagle knows Double-Death well," said the chief, gravely. "Let my brother beware how he leaves the medicine-lodge. It protects only those who stand near enough to touch it."

Tim laughed shortly. "Double-Death is not a fool," he said, in answer. "He has come to see the Senecas, and he wishes to speak to them and take away his scalp in safety."

"He can not do both," said Black Eagle, gravely. "Double-Death is a great warrior, but he is under the wing of the Black Eagle now, and the talons of the bird of battle are sharp. Let him look to himself."

The eyes of all the chiefs and warriors were bent upon Tim's figure, and the reckless borderer realized that his peril was, indeed, great, for the surprise of the Indians had given way to exultation as they realized the fact that the dreaded warrior, Double-Death, was in the heart of their village and completely in their power. He turned and addressed himself to Queen Esther, however, with admirable coolness, dropping into his quaint brogue again.

"Heaven save yer ladyship! Would ye be wantin' to know what I came for? And it's meself that's glad to see yer ladyship enjoyin' such powerful fine health, and to find that ye've increased yer family wid that purty young lady there. Will yer ladyship please to tell me what ye'll take fur her, to give her back to her frinds?"

"Nothing," said the Indian queen, firmly. "She is mine. What do I want of your money, or that of her friends? I have more than they all. She may think herself fortunate to be raised from a farmer's daughter to a queen of the warriors of the Senecas. Is that all you came for?"

"Faith, no," said Tim, coolly. "I came to see if the whole tribe was here. Ye don't do yer sintro duty in these quarters as well as the greenest milshay of Philadelphia. I might have brought a whole regiment of soldiers in, as say as kiss yer hand, where I came in. There's a young lieutenant of Everard's comin' in purty soon, Misher Everard Barbour, as'll tache the lazy spalpeens their duty before many days. Ye see if he don't, now."

Marian Neilson, who had been listening intently to the conversation, here burst suddenly in:

"Everard here? Gracious heavens! They will kill him!"

Tim knew her very well by sight, having often seen her at Saratoga the previous year. The borderer scratched his head, with a comical air of mortification, as he observed:

"D'ye mind that now? Here's poor Tim Murphy in the midst of the bloody savages, and no one cares av he gets out to bits, but let him mention the name of a young gentleman, and bedad, ivery one's interested for fear he'll lose his illigant wig. Niver fear, Miss Marian. Whin Misher Everard comes here, 'twill be wid dis-sip-plined forces, and he'll make the thavin' nagurs give ye up. Whispher now, and I'll tell ye a saycret."

Marian rose up quite unsuspectingly and came forward, when the long, skinny arm of Queen Esther was extended, and plucked her back.

"So, girl," said the Indian queen, in English. "I have found your lover's name, have I—Everard Barbour? He shall burn at the stake, along with yonder Irish renegade, who has rebelled against his king, to-morrow noon."

"Thank ye for nothing, my lady Montour," said Tim, coolly. "And maybe Tim Murphy 'll have the luck to chate ye, as he has many another chief and warrior. I've got a message from General Washington for ye, my lady."

"And what says the arch-rebel?" demanded the queen, scornfully. She had taken the side of the king through motives of vengeance on the white race, knowing the reluctance of the Americans to employ savages in war, and foreseeing opportunities of unlimited slaughter on the British side. She had all the Tory terms at her tongue's end.

"What says the arch-rebel?" she asked.

"Bedad, ma'am, and the arch-rebel, as ye call him, sends word that, for every village the Six Nations have burnt this summer, tin of their own shall be burnt before two leaves have fallen, and that, av Queen Esther gets tuk, he'll hang her as high as *ould* Queen Esther hung Haman. D'ye mind that, now?"

Tim delivered his message, real or supposititious, with great earnestness, and at the same time beckoned to Marian Neilson to approach him, as he stood at the door of the sacred medicine-lodge. Hardly understanding what he meant, the girl yet perceived that he had a purpose in so doing. She made a rapid rush forward toward him, and Tim held out his hand to her, when Black Eagle, who had been watching the scout like a lynx all the while, suddenly sprung up and seized the girl, not ungraciously but firmly, saying, in broken English:

"White Flower stay with Black Eagle. Double-Death no good outside of medicine lodge. Starve to death. Come."

Marian did not try to struggle with the powerful chief. She understood that for some reason the scout's person was safe within the bounds of the medicine-lodge, and judged that he wished to get her there too. It was equally clear that the Indians would not permit this, and that they had penetrated his design, for the Indian queen started up now and advanced close to the scout, saying menacingly:

"Let Double-Death look to himself. He is a great warrior, but he has played his last trick to-day. Let him stay in the medicine-lodge till he starve and rot. My young men may not hurt him, but neither may they touch him nor bring him food. He dies within the tent."

"Tim Murphy feels as if he were worth a dozen dead men yet," said the scout, quietly, retiring, as he spoke, within the sacred purlieus of the medicine-lodge.

Miss Marian, av the ould harridan gives ye a chance run in here as hard as ye can put, and I'll tell ye why whin ye're inside."

"Break up the council," said the stern voice of Queen Esther, impatiently. "We have talked long enough to the white dog. Surround the tent and let him learn that there are many ways of killing a pale-face without breaking medicine."

In a few minutes more the council had broken up, without coming to any conclusion about the matter of the wedding. A silent circle of guards, each with a loaded rifle, was stationed around the medicine-lodge, and a ring of fires lit, so that there could be no chance of the prisoner's escaping in the darkness. The sacredness of the lodge forbade them to fire upon a refugee within its limits, and they were compelled to rely on starvation to effect their purpose. As if to show them that he was provided against that, Murphy coolly produced a large piece of dried meat, and began to eat his supper in the midst of his enemies as if he'd been at home.

CHAPTER X. THE SURPRISE.

In the mean time it may naturally be asked, what had become of Everard Barbour? Murphy, in spite of his appearance of ease, was secretly very anxious about the latter, knowing the skill of the Indian trackers. He had left his companion well hidden in the summit of a large tree in the swamp, before he set out on his own daring expedition which had ended in his running the Indian line and reaching the medicine-lodge so cleverly. It was now about time that the Indian trackers, who had stumbled so unluckily on the dead bodies up the valley, should be back into camp, if indeed they had not already come on Everard. Tim trusted to the darkness to cover the scout, however, and he was right. Pretty soon, as he sat at the door of the lodge, munching his piece of venison, a loud halloo was heard in the distance, which was replied to, and Tim knew that scouts were coming in.

They soon made their appearance, the same men that he had seen on the track before, and were met by several Seneca chiefs and warriors, with whom they held an animated discussion for some minutes, ending in the whole party coming to stare at him.

One of the returned Indians held up a fresh scalp, which Murphy recognized as that of his slain comrade, Jim Burke, and observed, in broken English:

"Good scalp—ugh!—soon get under—Double-Death's scalp—ugh!"

"Ye dirty spalpeen," said Tim, scornfully, "it don't lie in yer bloody-painted hide to take my scalp. Look here, ye omadhaun; here's three honest scalps, taken fairly this mornin' from yer brothers; d'ye mind that now?"

And Tim rattled the ghastly trophies at his belt.

A squaw c'd rob a poor devil of his scalp, as she found him lyin' in the road, bedad, but it takes a man to take my scalp, Misher Injun."

The Indian laughed savagely, as he looked at the helpless position of the other, thinking himself safe.

"Soon find Double-Death's brudder," he said, mockingly. "Chiefs out now. Black Eagle out. Roast pale-face front of Double-Death. Bring white squaw to see him."

Tim uttered a grunt of contempt, and turned away his head. He knew that Everard must be safe for the present, and that the Indian was only boasting. He kept a still tongue in his head and finished his supper in perfect tranquillity, regardless of the efforts of the Indians to draw him into conversation. The Senecas, on their part, displayed a curious mixture of honor and treachery. They held the inclosure of the medicine-lodge as sacred as the Arab does the hospitality of his tent, the monk the sanctuary of the altar. They did not dare to drag the bold borderer from thence, but they tried to entice him to leave it. Tim was too well aware, however, of the instant death that awaited him outside of the tent to leave it, and he repaid all their efforts to draw him thence with good-humored contempt, arranging a couch for himself with perfect coolness. When the head medicine-man approached the lodge to enter it, Tim quietly cocked his rifle, and the Indian halted, appalled. He was the only man who had any business there, and he did not care to risk certain death for the privilege of killing Tim afterward.

The scout had calculated on his cowardice, and made no effort to provoke the medicine-man, for he knew on how frail a tenure his life hung, even now.

Meanwhile there was considerable bustle among the Indians outside. It was true that Black Eagle had departed on the trail

of Tim and his friend, to try and discover the hiding-place of the latter. The scout could see torches moving about in the swamp, and judged that the Senecas were in deadly earnest. He smiled to himself as he thought how he had led them on the wrong scent, and waited confidently for the morning, by which time, in all probability, the powerful expedition under Colonel Zebulon Butler would be up and ready for the attack.

So the long, tedious hours of the night wore away, the camp sunk into silence, the fires died away into glimmering ashes, and no one seemed to be awake save the guards round the medicine-lodge, and the trailing-party of Black Eagle. Double-Death never closed an eye all that long night, so intense was his anxiety. He pretended to sleep to impress the Indians with his coolness, but he was furtively watching all the time.

At last, after what seemed an age of watching, a distant shot was heard in the swamp, followed by a general yell. Tim sat up and listened. In a moment more several shots followed close together and a second yell.

"They've found him," muttered the borderer, and he looked anxiously out of the tent door toward the east. A faint, whitish glow in that direction rendered the dark outline of the forest very conspicuous, and Tim knew that the dawn was coming. As he strained his ears, another single shot pealed out from the swamp, and another angry yell followed.

"Bedad, he ain't kilt yet," muttered Tim, excitedly. "That's his rifle, I'll go bail."

For some minutes there was no more shooting, and then a second volley of at least twenty rifles made Tim start. It was followed by one more single shot after a short interval.

"Hurroo for ye, liftanin!" shouted the delighted borderer. "He'll bate them yet, av they don't set fire to the moss."

The last consideration sobered Tim. He had left Everard in a gigantic dead tree, covered with dried moss, and realized that his friend was safe from direct attack, unless his opponents undertook to smoke him out, which they well might, the tree being hollow.

For some time longer the swamp was quiet after this, and Tim couldn't make out what was going on. The light increased in the east, and objects began to be plainly visible in camp. Gradually the Indians came out of their lodges, and a few sauntered off into the swamp as if to see what was going on. Soon there came a dropping, irregular fire, and the scout knew that they must be shooting at Everard in the tree, perhaps preparing to assault his position. What success they might have had is uncertain, for all of a sudden a new sound broke on the senses from an opposite quarter.

It was the gathering shout of a long line of soldiers from the other side of the village, followed by a long, rolling volley, and a shower of bullets came tearing through the lodges. Before the echo had died away the head of a motley column of men, women, and children, with horses and cattle loaded with baggage, came straggling out of the forest, and dispersed into the village. There was another pause, and then a second file of warriors passed by, followed by the stately figure of the Indian queen on horseback. Riding beside her, his arms lashed behind him, his feet tied under the horse's belly, was Everard Barbour, pale from loss of blood, with his head bound up.

Queen Esther drew up both horses by the side of the stately chief, who had risen to his feet at her approach, and saluted her. "Black Eagle has come home. Why does he not enter his house?" "It is empty," said the chief, laconically. "Let him take one to fill it," said the Indian queen, proudly. "There are many maidens of the Senecas who will be proud to mate with my son."

Black Eagle shook his head.

"I am not your son," he said, gravely. "Black Eagle went on the war-path; his eyes and ears were open. Queen Sheshequin stayed in camp and fell asleep. She made the Great Spirit a liar, and Black Eagle's heart is very dark to-day."

"What means my son?" demanded the queen, half angrily.

"The White Flower is gone, and the Queen of the Senecas has lost her," replied Black Eagle, gloomily. "She must be found again, or Black Eagle leads his warriors to their own homes."

The old queen looked at him fixedly. "Let Black Eagle take his vengeance on her lover, then," she said. "We have him here prisoner, and he shall pay for the White Flower who loves him."

The chief regarded Everard as she indicated him, with a strange glance, half dislike, half contempt. To the queen's surprise he did not seem to care about it.

"He is but a child," he said. "Black Eagle and Thayamadega war not with squaws and children. They have heard the words of the Great Spirit, and only strike warriors."

Queen Esther frowned. She hated the name of Thayamadega (better known to us as Brant). That remarkable Indian had enjoyed as good an education as herself, but with different results, for Brant was as kind and humane as the queen was merciless and savage.

"Thayamadega has read too many books," she said, contemptuously. "His heart is white and soft as milk. The red-man takes vengeance on his foe. Behold this young viper and hum him at the stake. His dying groans shall make you forget the voice of the White Flower."

"Not good," said Black Eagle, sententiously. "When a man has lost a singing-bird, he does not kill wolves to hear their howlings. He hunts for the bird."

"How can we find her?" demanded the queen, angrily. "Has the Great Spirit cast a cloud over Black Eagle's brain, that he talks madness?"

"No," said the chief, calmly. "He has said that those who lose must find. Queen Sheshequin knows the ways of the whites. Let her find the White Flower for me."

Queen Esther considered for a moment. She appeared to hesitate. At last she said:

"Come to my house and we will talk of this. I see no way yet."

"Black Eagle bowed with the courtesy of a perfect gentleman, and followed the queen as she rode into the village with her captive. Everard looked with wonder around him, as he passed through a village as neat and picturesque as any he had ever seen, beheld elegant houses of considerable size, covered with trailing vines, pretty flower-gardens, handsome stables, and all the appurtenances of luxury and civilization, where he had expected only squalid wigwams and heaps of garbage.

on the settlements. The Queen of the Senecas was not the woman to take a defeat tamely.

And Marian, half crazy with anxiety for Everard's fate, was forced to return to her home, sorrowing.

CHAPTER XI.

THE INDIAN PARADISE.

A FEW days after the attack on Queen Esther's band, an Indian chief, in all the panoply of the war-path, came loping out of the deep forest, near the head of Seneca lake, followed by a long file of warriors. He stood in the very heart of the Indian country—that paradise of the Six Nations, the lovely Genesee valley. There where the golden wheat now waves, in the garden of New York, then the primeval forest covered the earth, interspersed with emerald glades where the deer grazed undisturbed, and the tribes of the Nations had found their happy hunting-grounds.

The scene before him was the perfection of beauty. Art and agriculture had combined with nature to make the spot charming. Not a tree had fallen by the ax. Stately oaks, beeches and maples stood in long regular vistas for miles upon miles of wilderness, unbroken by underwood of any kind, the ground carpeted with green moss and fine grasses, the breeze whispering softly among the tree-trunks. In front of the chief lay a natural expanse of rolling prairie, dotted with cornfields, with regular orchards of fruit trees scattered here and there, but never a fence to break the soft lines of the scenery with dull uniformity. It was indeed the golden province of the Indian in those days, and the Genesee valley was his secure home, buried deep in pathless forests, hidden like a diamond in a mine.

In the distance lay the glimmering sheet of romantic Lake Seneca, dotted with canoes, darting here and there, and diagonally in front and to the left of the chief rose a smooth, rounded hill, broken at one side by a dark, narrow gorge, out of which a stream rushed brawling to lose itself in the forest. Clustered around the mouth of the gorge was a smiling village, composed for the most part of neat frame houses, denoting a high degree of civilization, while the humbler wigwams were pitched here and there around the edge of the forest.

The chief, a magnificent-looking young warrior, turned to his men.

"Let the children of the Eagle scatter to their homes," he said, in a musical voice. "The war-path is ended. Let us rest in our homes."

The warriors raised a shrill cry of exultation, which was replied to from the village, and squaws and children came running out to welcome the returning Senecas, as they scattered to their homes.

The chief cast himself down at the foot of a huge hickory tree, and remained watching the scene as if waiting for something. Before long the sound of voices in the rear announced that others approached, and the head of a motley column of men, women, and children, with horses and cattle loaded with baggage, came straggling out of the forest, and dispersed into the village. There was another pause, and then a second file of warriors passed by, followed by the stately figure of the Indian queen on horseback. Riding beside her, his arms lashed behind him, his feet tied under the horse's belly, was Everard Barbour, pale from loss of blood, with his head bound up.

Queen Esther drew up both horses by the side of the stately chief, who had risen to his feet at her approach, and saluted her.

"Black Eagle has come home. Why does he not enter his house?"

"It is empty," said the chief, laconically. "Let him take one to fill it," said the Indian queen, proudly. "There are many maidens of the Senecas who will be proud to mate with my son."

Black Eagle shook his head.

"I am not your son," he said, gravely. "Black Eagle went on the war-path; his eyes and ears were open. Queen Sheshequin stayed in camp and fell asleep. She made the Great Spirit a liar, and Black Eagle's heart is very dark to-day."

"What means my son?" demanded the queen, half angrily.

"The White Flower is gone, and the Queen of the Senecas has lost her," replied Black Eagle, gloomily. "She must be found again, or Black Eagle leads his warriors to their own homes."

The old queen looked at him fixedly. "Let Black Eagle take his vengeance on her lover, then," she said. "We have him here prisoner, and he shall pay for the White Flower who loves him."

The chief regarded Everard as she indicated him, with a strange glance, half dislike, half contempt. To the queen's surprise he did not seem to care about it.

"He is but a child," he said. "Black Eagle and Thayamadega war not with squaws and children. They have heard the words of the Great Spirit, and only strike warriors."

Queen Esther frowned. She hated the name of Thayamadega (better known to us as Brant). That remarkable Indian had enjoyed as good an education as herself, but with different results, for Brant was as kind and humane as the queen was merciless and savage.

"Thayamadega has read too many books," she said, contemptuously. "His heart is white and soft as milk. The red-man takes vengeance on his foe. Behold this young viper and hum him at the stake. His dying groans shall make you forget the voice of the White Flower."

"Not good," said Black Eagle, sententiously. "When a man has lost a singing-bird, he does not kill wolves to hear their howlings. He hunts for the bird."

"How can we find her?" demanded the queen, angrily. "Has the Great Spirit cast a cloud over Black Eagle's brain, that he talks madness?"

"No," said the chief, calmly. "He has said that those who lose must find. Queen Sheshequin knows the ways of the whites. Let her find the White Flower for me."

Queen Esther considered for a moment. She appeared to hesitate. At last she said:

"Come to my house and we will talk of this. I see no way yet."

"Black Eagle bowed with the courtesy of a perfect gentleman, and followed the queen as she rode into the village with her captive. Everard looked with wonder around him, as he passed through a village as neat and picturesque as any he had ever seen, beheld elegant houses of considerable size, covered with trailing vines, pretty flower-gardens, handsome stables, and all the appurtenances of luxury and civilization, where he had expected only squalid wigwams and heaps of garbage.

The houses appeared to be the homes of the more considerable chiefs of the tribe, for there were not many of them, but even those were unexpected. He passed through the village and entered the mouth of the dark gorge with his guide, and then on a sudden the scene changed. Without, every thing was soft, and rounded in outline; within, the whole character of the scenery became grand, rugged, and imposing.

The gorge narrowed rapidly for about two hundred yards, where it ended abruptly in two lofty cliffs of gray stratified rock, nearly black from the trickle of water from above. The cliffs came close together, and appeared to shut off all further progress, but a white sheet of foam that came down between them announced that there must be a passage for water beyond. They rode up to the foot of the cliff and dismounted, Black Eagle releasing Everard from his bonds. Then he pointed to a rough ladder that led up under an overhanging rock, and motioned Everard to go forward. The young officer mounted the ladder and found himself on a narrow gallery of plank that ran around a jutting column of rock, within a foot of the face of the white waterfall. Overhead the rock projected so as to make almost a cavern of this singular glen, and as he came round the angle of the rock he found himself in a chasm of the most tremendous kind, down which the water thundered in deafening tones, and where the cliffs presented the most fantastic forms.

A artificial way, consisting of ladders and projecting galleries, zig-zagged from side to side of this narrow chasm, and after a short climb, suddenly turned a corner and emerged into a solemn cathedral-like amphitheater, where the stream spread out in tranquil shallows over a smooth surface of white rock, forming deep, black pools here and there where the softer rocks had been eaten away by the water.

At one side of this strange natural amphitheater, nestling under a cliff, stood a large and handsome house of the Swiss fashion, that seemed as if it was exactly made for that place.

The Indian queen set a small whistle to her lips and blew a shrill call, when several young girls came running out of the house to meet her, and began to talk rapidly in the Indian tongue. Everard noticed that what they said appeared to surprise the queen, for she hurried toward the house without noting him. As she neared the mansion, another figure made its appearance on the steps in front, and came down to meet her, a tiny, trim little female figure, which somehow seemed familiar to Everard. It was attired in some sort of half-savage costume, with short skirts, and had flowing golden hair.

Black Eagle motioned Everard forward, and the young officer obeyed. The nearer he approached, the more familiar did the little figure seem to him to be, and yet when he arrived close to the queen and her interlocutor, he seemed to be still wonderfully surprised, for he started back, with the low exclamation:

"Miss Lucy! Here!"

The lady on her part seemed equally surprised, and even less prepared for the interview. Turning pale as death, she cried:

"Everard Barbour, how came you here, in Heaven's name?"

"I might well ask you the same question," returned the young officer, and he stood, gazing in blank surprise.

* Queen Esther's village was situated near the site of the present town of Watkins; and those who have seen its lovely glen may recognize its faint presentment in these pages. It still exists, more lovely than ever.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 127.)

TO ADVERTISERS.

A few Advertisements will be inserted on this page at the rate of fifty cents per line, nonpareil measurement.

THE KICKAPOO TRAIL!

Another Splendid Romance of the Woods!

THE MAD TRAIL-HUNTER;

OR,

The Giant Terror of the Kickapoos.

(STAR NOVEL, No. 96.)

Now ready, and for sale by all newsdealers; or sent, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of price—TEN CENTS.

FRANK STARR & CO., PUBLISHERS.

41 Platt Street, N. Y.

GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS

P. O. BOX PITTSBURGH, PA.
Breech-Loading Shot Gun, \$40 to \$300. Double Shot Guns, \$25 to \$150. Single Shot Guns, \$20 to \$100. Rifles, \$25 to \$75. Revolvers, \$25 to \$250. *Send Stamp for Price List.* Army Guns, Revolvers, &c., bought or traded for. 120-260, e. o. w. c.

AGENTS WANTED.—\$10 per day clear profit; goods sent on credit. Address W. EARL, 26 Light St., N. Y. 128-21-r

Send Stamp for "Illustrated Book of Wonders." Address B. FOX & CO., 369 Canal Street, New York City. 94-1-y.

AGENTS WANTED.—Agents make more money at work for us than at any other place. Particulars free. G. STIMSON & Co., *Fine Art Publishers*, Portland, Maine. 91-1-y.

BOOKS FOR THE SEASON.

BASE-BALL PLAYER'S ORGAN FOR 1872.—By HENRY CHADWICK, Esq. Comprising New Rules and Regulations adopted; Proceedings of the Fourteenth Annual Convention of Ball-players; Leading Club Records of 1871; also, the Base-Ball Averages of the principal clubs for 1871.

HAND-BOOK OF CROQUET.—A complete guide to the principles and practice of the Game. By Edmund Routledge.

BOOK OF CRICKET AND FOOTBALL.—Being a Complete Guide to Players, and containing all the Rules and Laws of the Ground and Game.

GUIDE TO SWIMMING (Illustrated). Embracing all the rules of the Art for both sexes. By Capt. Philip Peterson.

YACHTING AND ROWING.—This volume will be found very complete as a guide to the conduct of watercraft, and full of interesting information alike to the amateur and novice.

RIDING AND DRIVING.—A sure guide to correct Horsemanship, with complete directions for the road and field; and a specific section of directions and information for female equestrians. Drawn largely from "Stonehenge's" fine manual, this volume will be found all that can be desired by those seeking to know all about the horse, and his management in harness and under the saddle.

PEDESTRIANISM.—Among the contents of this useful and interesting book are: Training; Treatment in Training; Training for running; Training the Studios; Walking, Running, etc.

For sale by all newsdealers; or sent, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of price—ten cents.

BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS.

98 William Street, New York.



A HUSBAND'S SOLILOQUY.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Indeed, I think that married life
Is a most blessed state;
My wife when my day's work is done
Stands lingering at the gate;
I kiss her; sweetly whispers near—
"How long I've had to wait!"
It seemed to me you'd never come—
The opera's at eight."

My wife is so extremely meek
That you would scarce believe
Such meekness in the world has been
Since days of Mother Eve;
With utmost patience does she take
The fortunes of our lot,
And with an equal patience, too,
The last cent that I've got.

The very soul of sweet content
My dear wife seems to be
Without a murmur she will dress
Just as the fashions be;
She never complains because her dress
Is of the latest shade,
Nor murmurs if her polonaise
Is fashionably made.

She is the best wife ever was;
She tries to look her best;
She always meets her friends with smiles—
Unless they're better dressed.
So conscientious of my purse
Her like was ne'er before;
She would accept it with a sigh—
For a few dollars more.

She clings with fondness to the church
In meek contrition due,
And meekly does she worship in
A thousand dollar pew.
And to the Missionary cause
Among the Africa tribes,
A great deal more than any she
Of my small wealth subscribes.

She'll work herself to death if she
Would take a notion to;
Would have no servants here if I'd
Refuse their wages due.
She never talks against her friends
More than she thinks they need;
And no pretensions has she but
All others to exceed.

With resignation of a saint
She'll buy whatever's fine;
And with divine simplicity
On best of things she'll dine.
She is perfection you would say
To see how she arrayed,
And most industriously she toils—
To fix her hair in braid.

No other wife 's so valuable,
This everybody knows;
I'm very sure a thousand pounds
Won't even buy her clothes.
A man can work himself to death
For such a wife, I'm sure,
And I can very truly say
I'm satisfied—and more.

The "Thousand Islands."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IN THE WILDERNESS."

VII.—THE TREASURES OF THE POOL.

TROLLING palls upon the fisher, after a time, and he longs for a change. You can get it at Clayton. There were many sequestered nooks among the Islands known to Old Joe and Billy, where the bass and perch lie thick upon the gravelly bottom, and the man who takes delight in "still" fishing, can indulge the vicious propensity to the full. It is a shaded place in a little cove under the branches of the towering trees, where the sun at meridian is powerless to do evil and the boats lie undisturbed, merely held in their places by a light kedge dropped over the side.

The men have every thing prepared and when they are ready, who do not know how to "throw the string" well, that is you and myself, remain in the boats and drop our lines over the side, while Viator, whistling softly to himself, adjusts his bass rod with the nicety of a practical angler, and looks out his flies. Here is a well tied knot of these, a "brown cockle," a "path-finder," and a delicate brown and red fly, name to us unknown. Inch by inch, Viator measures out his leader, and sees to it that there is no flaw in it, for he knows too well that, not even a heavy trout will try the strength of tackle more than the black bass.

Every thing is in order; so selecting a place where the bushes have been cut away far enough back from the shore to permit him to make his cast, Viator dips his leader and flies into the water two or three times to straighten them, and then the ring of the reel is heard as the flies go out upon the smooth water, taking in more and more space at every throw. A bubble comes to the surface, and the eye of the fisherman brightens, for he knows that the great fish below has got his eye upon the flies. Once more; fall light for the sake of the old times, and days of former prowess.

Ha!
The waters are dashed aside; a swift rush is made; the lancewood tip sways downward, and the swift finger of Viator puts check on for an instant, but, even in that time it seems as if every thing must go, but, just in time as top goes off, and away goes the mighty fish, dashing down through the deep water until brought up by the careful check and the power of the elastic rod. Up he comes to the surface, beating the water into foam; but Viator, who knows his tricks, meets him with the butt, and throws his obstinate head up-stream. He has seen his enemy now and knows his danger, and again plunges out of sight, down into the deep pool beneath, as making the reel fly, he dashes through the stream. Steady now, Viator, staunch old fisher! Resist the impulse of the untutored to throw him out of the water by power of muscle. Try that and you shall see how much power there is in the body of a well-grown black bass. If you do not lose your leader and flies, the tip must go, and although these second joint may hold him, the chances are that he tears himself away.

Up he comes again, with expanded gills, and wild eyes, full of fight, bristling like a porcupine, the most pugnacious looking fish in the world. Meet him, Viator, as you know how, and guard against his trick of leaping clear of the water, shaking his obstinate head, and perhaps going off with your brown cockle!

The rush is made; the hand of Viator goes forward, for the "black" is fatal in bass fishing. The fish sees now that he has met his master, but he goes down once more, but feebly, and has little power to resist, as Viator turns his head up-stream, and begins to reel in. The great fish comes slowly toward the bank and is scooped up by the triumphant fisher, with a shout which makes the waters ring.

He is a beauty; a great broad-shouldered, green-sided fellow, changing his color as the sunlight falls upon him. Viator lays him out lovingly upon the grass and prepares for another cast, and goes out of sight above the bend in the island, fighting another monster of the deep whom he has fastened.

We are not idle, but are dealing destruction and death among the myriads beneath

us. To the man who does not understand the subtleties of fishing, glorious sport may be had in a place like this. Our box was soon full to overflowing, and as noon came on, a loud halloo called back Viator, who brought a basket of noble fellows whom he had captured "on the fly." Billy had been over to Gannanogue, the night before, and had smuggled over a choice supply of fluids, and they outdid themselves in the last meal which they prepared. I was so exhilarated after the meal that I tried to sing a little ballad, but was stopped by the expression of utter horror and disgust upon the face of Old Joe.

"Oh! Mossu," he said, in a voice of entreaty, "let us part in peace. I've great respect for you, but I shall lose him if you sing any more. I cannot endure it."

Just the way with these fellows. No matter where I go, they pretend not to like my singing. As I saw signs of rebellion upon the faces of the rest, I let them have their way, and Viator sung. I tried to come in on the chorus, but they would not stand that either, and we went our way when the feast was over, for we must be at Clayton before three o'clock.

We parted from our oarsmen, when the time came, with genuine regret, and hope that they will be glad to welcome us again. We had had a merry time, and had passed our two weeks with better profit than if we had dawdled it away upon the sea-shore, or Saratoga. Let those who have a week to spare, try how gloriously they can spend it among the "Thousand Islands."

Pearl Island;
OR,
MY FORTUNE.

BY LAUNCE PONTZ.

WELL, boys, there we were, high and dry, the old hooker laid on her beam-ends, with the scuppers buried in sand, and no chance that we could see of ever getting her off again; and if we'd been able to get her



PEARL ISLAND.

off, we wouldn't have dared to do it, seeing that the gale had torn all her copper and broken her back, so that she wouldn't keep out water no more than a market-basket. How we came there, on that lonely island in the South Pacific, is a long story. Some day I may tell it. Just now all I'll say is that we three, Peleg White, Joe Stafford, and me, Jack Coffin, we were all that were left alive aboard the old bark Eliza, of New Bedford, and we had been driven by a storm, in which a lot of the fellows were lost, to this little sandy island, which lay, the Lord knows where, for I don't to this day.

We were glad to find ourselves safe on land when the storm abated. To be sure, the vessel had broken up considerably while it lasted, but we had saved our lives, which was a great point, and all through sticking to the old barky, and there were plenty of stores aboard, besides what we might find on the island on which we had stranded.

"Tell you what it is, boys," said Peleg White, "the skipper and them fellers as went off in the boat and got swamped, mout better ha' stayed with us."
"You bet!" said Joe Stafford, in his sentimental California style.

Peleg and I were both Yankees. He hailed from Connecticut, and I from Maine; but Joe Stafford came from no one knew where, except that his last halting place was California. But then California's one of those places where people don't get born. They go there, and no matter where they came from originally, become Californians.

Joe was a silent fellow, but I guess he knew more than either of us. I was quite a boy then, and had been acting as captain's clerk that voyage, but Peleg had been at sea over thirty years, and he owned that Joe Stafford "was a darned knowin' coon, smart as a steel-trap."

Well, boys, we found ourselves on a little sandy islet, as I told you, with coral reefs all round, and a few palm-trees, but not a sign of any thing else green, and nothing to eat but shell-fish, unripe cocoanuts, and what salt junk we could get out of the wreck.

We were out of the track of vessels, and had no boats left, so that there was a chance of our staying there for a long time. The first thing we did then was to commence unloading the Eliza, saving the provisions, and rigging up some sort of a house or tent, with old sails, and dry cocoanut-leaves for thatch. It took us about two months' hard work, during which we thought of nothing but safety. At last we had made ourselves quite comfortable, had a good house, and about three years' grub saved, and then we didn't know what to do with ourselves.

You see, boys, the island wasn't quite a mile square, and nothing but flat sand and sharp ridges of coral. There was literally nowhere to go after a man had once walked over it. There was one eternal sameness.

No variety, except in the changing sea, and that was quite calm now, for the hot season had set in.

Peleg and I, for want of occupation, began to rummage over all the chests, sacks and barrels that we had not examined, and amused ourselves in this way for many days. Joe Stafford, on the other hand, was out all the time, roaming about the island, and practicing surf swimming.

This surf swimming, boys, is a very exciting amusement, which the natives of the South Sea islands are wonderfully expert at. Very few white men dare try it on, for the rollers coming in from the Pacific are often twenty feet high, and dash on coral reefs as sharp as broken glass. A man trying to breast one of these rollers would be cut to pieces in a second.

But Joe Stafford told us that he had learned the art of the natives of the Pelees, and certainly he was a glorious swimmer. He would take a small board, about four feet long, under his arm, and stand watching his opportunity. When a roller was in the very act of receding, Joe would dash in, and be carried far out by the ebb. When the next roller came on, lifting up like a great green wall, and coming like a race-horse, down went Joe's head, up went his heels, and right under the great roller he dived, so deep down that instead of meeting the wave, he caught the under-tow, which is exactly opposite to the upper current, and out he came at the other side of the huge roller.

Six or seven times would he repeat this, till we saw his black head bobbing up and down in the open sea, far outside the rollers. And then came the grand excitement. Swimming up to the rollers again on his piece of board, one of them was sure to seize him, and he would come riding in on the very summit of a huge wave, with the speed of a race-horse on the home-stretch, landing high and dry on the beach, and traversing a quarter of a mile in thirty seconds.

It was hard work to go out, but the coming back was like coasting on a steep hill covered with ice—glorious fun.

Peleg and I never dared attempt it. The getting out was too dangerous. But, as I

When it was finished, in a little sheltered bay on the lee side of the island, we put to sea with a gale from the south-east behind us, and spread our little square sail to the blast.

I'll not trouble you, boys, with the details of that voyage. Our little raft proved safer than many a large ship, if not quite so swift as a good many canal boats. We carried us safely along to the north-west for several weeks, till the white cap of a mountain rose out of the bosom of the sea before us.

"Land ho!" sung out Peleg White. "Say, Joe, d'ye know what that is?"

"Chimborazo," said the Californian. "It'll take us a week to get there."

And so it turned out. The longer we sailed the further off seemed to be that great white peak, visible six hundred miles off as it is on clear days. But gradually other peaks rose up to right and left till the whole magnificent range of the Andes burst into view.

To make a short story, we reached Callao in safety, and procured a safe passage to San Francisco, where the sale of our pearls netted us fifty thousand dollars each. Peleg and Joe Stafford left the sea, but I bought a share in the old Typhoon clipper, and those desert island pearls laid the foundation of all my fortune.

Forecastle Yarns.

BY C. D. CLARK.

VII.—THE FORECASTLE-MAN'S REVENGE.

BEFORE the brig *Lancet* cleared from New Bedford a man came down from Martha's Vineyard and joined the crew. He was a short, dark-faced, rather sinister-looking fellow, but one who showed from the first that he was a good sailor. He had a peculiar livid scar upon his face, extending from the corner of his mouth upon the right side across the cheek until it was lost under the hair above his right ear. This cut drew his mouth to one side, and added to his savage expression. He signed the

and he without a home. He laid it all to me, and is a monomaniac in his hatred of me. And now, here he is in my ship."

But Wellington Forbes made no sign of hate except a lurid smile when he passed the captain. We lay off the cape seven days, and at last rounded it and got into the winds. I never saw a handier man about a ship than Forbes. There was nothing he couldn't do, and at last he was sent for to take the carpenter's place, who was sick. The carpenter had all the privileges of an officer, and could only be sent aloft when all hands were called, but Forbes never shirked his duty. He had the run of the ship now, and could go where he liked, and it was no strange thing for him to be half a day in the hold cooping the casks and work of that kind. Three days out of Honolulu, he appeared on deck, from the forehold, and came up to the captain.

"Look at me, Tom Fenton," he hissed. "I'm the man you gave over to the bloody savages because I took your insult too much to heart. I'm the man you robbed of wife and child, and who will carry your mark to his grave. And I'm the man will have revenge, too!"

"Keep off!" cried the captain, drawing a pistol.

"Don't think I'm such a fool as to trust to my own hand for revenge," replied the madman. "Set your pumps going, why don't you? You are scuttled, and will sink in an hour. And your boats—ha, ha! they are sieves!"

A cry of execration was heard upon every side, and a simultaneous rush was made at the speaker, but he waved them calmly back.

"To your prayers, men, to your prayers! I shipped for this. I had sworn to do it, and who shall say that my oath was not well kept?"

Vain were all our efforts. In less than an hour the brig went down, but not until the frantic crew had rushed upon Wellington Forbes and hurled him headlong into the sea. The crew divided and half worked at the pumps while the other made a raft, for all our boats were useless. We were scarcely clear of the brig when she plunged, bows first, into the waves, and went down before our eyes.

Three days we drifted on over the pathless sea, and on the fourth a trader, bound for Honolulu, picked us up and took us into port, where the crew were absorbed by the whalers who make their station there.

Beat Time's Notes.

HOPE—an anchor on a tombstone.

CHARITY—paying the printer.

THE clerk who took twelve hundred dollars out of his employer's safe had a terrible fit of abstraction.

WE know a fellow who has so much brass in his face that when he blows you think he is a brass band.

I HAVE often wondered why men of the greatest 42d are the 104th.

SOME soldiers on a 4a b9ly 8 a gr8 r a of roosters.

A RED nose is a good counter-sign.

AN editor said of a female cotemporary, "She came out last week in a beautiful pair of pants-graphs."

QUERY—whether the man who rendered his thanks got much grease.

WHEN thieves fall out, an honest man gets his dues; but when they fall in he doesn't.

TOM had large ears, and a comrade, meeting him one day, said, "Tom, what a fine angel you'd be if your wings were not so high up."

IF a well-digger was ill you'd call him a sick digger.

SOME official reports are quite shocking.

"MEET me by moonlight, alone," as the fox said to the rooster.

MAIL routes have been established in the South. We had hoped there would be no more male routs in that section.

A GREAT deal has been said about a nigger's heel, but we think it is a subject too far back to talk of now.

A BAD bond in market—a vaga-bond.

A NARRATOR said: "My tail will come under three heads."

WE have heard some young ladies sing a strain, and more who strain a sing.

DR. looks well at one end of your name but very bad at the other.

SOME men get dreadfully "riled up" when they come to settle.

MRS. GRUNDY, though supported by many columns, has fallen. It is supposed the capital was the impediment.

THE balloon couple went to the height of the fashion.

A MAN wed successively three Marys. He certainly was pretty well Mary-ed.

A MAN of humor will sometimes bile over.

"Tis the last drop I shall ever take," said a toper on the gallows.

To be in debt is a bad owe-man.

THE most modest flower is very much given to blowing.

SPIRITUAL (w) rappings—shrouds.

SOME of the stars are so high that if a man were to fall from one of them he would be thousands of years on the road before he touched the earth, and oh! what a smash there would be! What a light to fall from! After this, if I ever happen to fall from a paltry little seven-story house, I shall never make a fool of myself by saying any thing about it.